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CURRENT COMMENT.

We were never very keen about the project of the American Committee of One Hundred to investigate the state of Ireland, and even now we can not see, as the meditative darky said about the ways of Providence, but that taking one thing with another, it has done about as much harm as good. We are bound to remark, however, that in temper, style, editing, presswork and illustrations, the Committee has issued a ripping good report and one that does credit to its compilers. It is ever so much better than the one gotten out by the British Labour party. As soon as it appeared, the British Embassy was promptly on hand with a general denial and a characterization of the report as "biased and wholly misleading, both in its general conclusions and in the statements it contains in matters of detail." Possibly: the Commission, however, was obliged to base its findings on the testimony before it, and the British Government produced no evidence to enlighten the Commission on its Irish policy, though repeatedly invited in the most friendly way to do so.

THE Embassy applies a liberal coat of whitewash to the outrages of the Crown troops against the Irish people, and declares that Ireland, far from being devastated, as the Commission declares, is the most prosperous part of the United Kingdom. The Embassy may be telling the truth when it says that Ireland is not a devastated country; but if it is right then all newspaperdom must be wrong. For months there has been hardly a day when even the most tory of journals has failed to record the burning of two or three Irish villages by the forces of British law and order. Such procedure in Belgium during the war, would have been termed devastation; and it would be strange if the cumulative effect of it has not by this time caused the Irish country-side to look a bit dishevelled.

As for the Embassy's statement that Ireland is the most prosperous part of the United Kingdom, we do not pretend to judge whether it be true or not. We are fairly sure of this, however: that before the present civil war the Irish were an impoverished people, and there is little reason to assume that the destruction of their property by the Crown forces has improved their condition. This statement of the British Embassy has prompted us to look up the article by Mr. George W. Russell (Æ.) which appeared in our issue of 28 April, 1920. There we

read that Great Britain demands from Ireland, a country of four million inhabitants, yearly tribute to the amount of £18,000,000, or a trifle less than twenty dollars a year from every man, woman and child; this in a country where the average weekly wage is 35 shillings as against five to six pounds in England. We also learned that through the amalgamation of the British and Irish exchequers, millions of pounds in Irish surpluses have been spent in England. Millions of pounds more per annum have gone out of the country in rentals to absentee landlords. In view of these facts it seems highly probable that even if Ireland be indeed the most prosperous section of Europe, the Irish people may still be among the neediest of European populations.

IN this connexion it is interesting to note that the appeal being made in this country for the relief of Irish sufferers has also aroused the wrath of the King's representative. The British Government, says the Embassy, is perfectly well able to look after the needy in Ireland: there are funds raised by taxation to provide for the destitute, but those perverse Sinn Feiners refuse to avail themselves of them. The Embassy does not say whether or not any conditions humiliating to Irish nationalist sentiment attach to the privilege of drawing from these funds; but it is conceivable that even the implied recognition of British domination involved in the acceptance of aid from that source would be repugnant to believers in Irish independence. For us, the most striking thing in the Embassy's statement was the naïve remark that apart from a few cases of unemployment and "*from the unhappy but normal poverty of the slums of towns* every case of distress and destitution is directly due to the effects of the Sinn Fein rebellion." The italics are ours. Just how the British Embassy persuades itself that the poverty in the slums of towns is normal we can not possibly imagine. We have always thought that such distress was directly due to the expropriation of the people from the soil; and we believe that if the British Government would investigate carefully, it would find that the Sinn Fein rebellion is largely due to the same cause.

SPEAKING of Ireland and the British Embassy, it seems a little rough on President Harding that right on the heels of his good-natured endorsement of the fund for Irish relief, the Embassy should put out a broad hint that such charity as is offered here should be administered on a strictly non-political basis. The statement of the Embassy is interesting if not conclusive. We do not know much about diplomatic formalities, but it impresses us as pretty cheeky for the representatives of a foreign Power to be charting out a course for a voluntary charity that the President has commended. At least, the Embassy might have waited a month or so out of consideration for its official host. The friendly little tip about the "non-political basis," and the admonition to deal "in an impartial spirit with any case of Irish distress," seem to us gratuitous, not to say officious. If Great Britain does not like the colour of American money that goes to Ireland, she has the power to keep it out; but her representatives distinctly overstep the mark when they undertake, before the fact, to lay down procedure for the charitable instincts of this country. Sir Auckland Geddes ought to have about one more chance at a *faux pas* of this kind—this being his third, to our knowledge—and then be gently but firmly ushered up the gangplank.

If at this moment we could command the services of the ablest platform-builder in the Grand Old Party, we should require him to prepare for us a statement of all the difference between the Republican foreign policy of Mr. Harding, and the Democratic foreign policy of Mr. Wilson. So long as we lack such expert guidance, these differences seem destined to remain hidden from us, for up to date we have not been able to see any new development, nothing even so hopeful as a change for the worse. Navalism is all that it used to be; Russia is discussed in fewer words, but quite as stupidly as before; some of the worst provisions of the Treaty of Versailles have the endorsement of the Cabinet; Mr. Harding's affair with the League of Nations threatens to pass beyond the stage of coquetry; the appointment of Senator Fall to the Ministry guarantees more meddling in Mexico; the bullying of Panama lets loose again the will-to-power which gave Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua into the hands of Mr. Wilson; the approval with which Secretary Hughes is said to regard Ambassador Morris's plans for the smothering of the Japanese problem is prophetic of nothing better and nothing worse than the Democrats could have given us.

By way of polishing off the Republican foreign policy and giving it full currency in financial circles, the Secretary of State has just informed Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company that the Government approves of the plan of the international bankers for the financing of China. The Minister of Finance at Peking has said that China does not want this prize-package; while students in the Celestial Republic, and Chinese residents of New York City have protested against forced feeding with more loans. If the President and his Secretary of State had given ear to these remote mutterings, they might have been tempted to repudiate a project for which the Republican party had previously borne no responsibility. Nothing of the sort happened, however, for the steady voices of the financiers are distinctly audible, even on moving-day at the Capitol; and their stabilizing influence helps give continuity to the policy of the President-in-Council, whoever the President may be, and whatever his party.

If we were in M. Chicherin's place and had to reply to Mr. Hughes's colossal buncombe about guaranteeing the "safety of life" and the "rights of free labour," we would save ourselves trouble by simply suggesting to Mr. Hughes that he subscribe to a press-clipping bureau and become informed of what is going on here. Mr. Hughes might check up his homily on the rights of free labour by last week's reports of peonage-cases in one part of the South. Then as to safety, he might get some cross-references out of the activities of the masked men who on 1 April took a Negro bell-boy to the outskirts of Dallas, Texas, tied him to a fence-post, gave him twenty-five lashes, branded him on the forehead with the letters K. K. K., brought him back and dumped him out of a motor-car in front of the hotel where he had been employed. We do not mention these matters under any special pressure of sentiment one way or the other, but merely as tending to show cause for what M. Chicherin or any other person of ordinary intellectual honesty must think of Mr. Hughes.

It does not seem to us that the war which was to end war has come up to the prospectus, or that the peace conference which was to establish the peace of Europe has earned its pay. Central Europe is in a state of ferment, with the Emperor Carl trying to climb back on his throne and the neighbouring Governments of Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-slavia standing ready at the behest of France, to pry him off again. The Allies ordered Germany to pay one billion gold marks by 23 March, and Germany declined. They ordered her to carry out certain provisions of disarmament by 1 April, and she declined. The Allies have extended their area of occupation in Germany, and are not getting, nor will they get, enough out of it to pay travelling-expenses. All

they are achieving is what they achieved against Russia—an indefinite protraction of militarism, steady impoverishment of themselves and defeat at the end. The one fact about the great war which should have been as clear as daylight to anyone by the autumn of 1915 was that whoever won would lose. By this time one might suppose that Governments would have learned that nothing can be settled by their present policies; but all Governments are essentially Bourbon in that they learn nothing and forget nothing.

So Colonel George Harvey is after all really to be nominated as Ambassador to Great Britain. We are unfeignedly glad to hear this. Colonel Harvey is all of a piece with the Government that he represents and with the Government to which he is accredited; so there can be no doubt that his services will be highly creditable to the one and thoroughly acceptable to the other. "An ambassadure, Hinnessy," said Mr. Dooley, years ago, "is a man that's no more use abroad than he would be at home." Judged by this standard, which is the one that apparently governs, and should invariably govern, all such appointments, there could be none more highly qualified than Colonel George Harvey. We wish there were enough of him to go around over all our diplomatic posts, so that our Government might be competently represented everywhere; but that is impossible. Mark Twain once said that our jury-system was an excellent one except for the trifles of trouble to find every day twelve men who do not know anything and can not read. The diplomatic service suffers from an analogous disability, but on the whole does rather well, and sometimes, as in this case, brilliantly.

THE coal-miners of England have stopped production in order to compel the Government to resume control of the industry—to compel what Sir Robert Horne calls "a bastard form of nationalization." It is too early to say anything about the prospects of success, because the railwaymen and transport-workers meet next week and we are not sufficiently informed to risk a guess whether they will support the miners or not. If they do, the Government will probably have to cave in and the people of England will, as the London *Daily Chronicle* says, realize that they have "come near to the substitution of direct action for constitutional government." Well, even so, the English have a great tenacity of life and may possibly manage to survive it. Outsiders would certainly be disposed to congratulate them on the substitution of almost anything for the sort of government they have been putting up with lately. Two unusual facts stand out at the present stage of the tie-up. First, there have been no attempts at negotiation of any kind; both sides are standing pat. Second, the strike-call included the pump-men and engineers, and such mines as are not being pumped by volunteer help are being flooded. Some, the dispatches say, are flooded past recovery.

It is possible that since Mr. Lloyd George has launched out on a violent anti-labour campaign, the Triple Alliance has decided on a programme of direct action in order to bring him to law. Whether this be the case or not, the extreme measures which the miners have taken show extraordinary unconcern with politics. The order to flood the mines must have been given in an utterly reckless and cynical disregard of political consequences. After Mr. George's dramatic characterization of organized labour as socialist and subversive of established institutions, such tactics put a powerful weapon in his hand. It may be that the Triple Alliance has lost interest in politics, notwithstanding labour's recent successes at the polls, and prefers to try conclusions with Mr. George's Government by a short and speedy method of its own. If so, the policy of the miners is understandable, and they are quite justified in throwing away the chance of a labour-victory at the next general election. The lay of the land will be clearer by the time this issue is in the

reader's hands; at present, the situation is such as merely to pique one's curiosity mightily. Reports of preliminary local meetings indicate a strong feeling among the railwaymen and transport-workers that the miners should be supported, even to the extent of a sympathetic strike. Thus the view expressed in some dispatches that the leaders are more impatient and precipitate than the rank and file, appears improbable.

ACTING in the interest of the native population of Togoland and the Cameroons, the French Minister for the Colonies has just terminated a six-years' military regime in these areas, and substituted therefor two contraptions known as Class B mandates. When the Council of the League of Nations meets in May or June, it will have the privilege of discussing the new mechanisms, which will then have been for some time in operation. That is to say, France will already have had the opportunity to begin the militarization of two more areas in Africa. It is barely conceivable that some member of the Council will see that this process may produce results which will eventually get out of control, but such clairvoyance is hardly to be expected in official circles. Wherever Europeans have gained a foothold on the brown continent or the black one, they have proceeded to teach their wards the tricks of an economic system which demands exclusive concessions scattered over the earth, and a military system which serves the worst interests of the new economy. The conditions that have produced European imperialism and given it hooks to grapple with, may ultimately bring out something of the same sort in Asia and in Africa. However the reaction will be a long time in coming; and it is notorious that the diplomatic vision does not extend beyond the length of the diplomatic nose.

WITH the fight between the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the clothing manufacturers of New York City still in full swing, it fairly rains injunctions hereabouts. The workers seem to be weathering the storm pretty well, but if the number of things they can not do continues to increase, they will have as many disagreements with the courts as with the employers themselves. As far as the public ever sees, an argument between a worker and a judge is a pretty one-sided business; for all that gets into print is what the judge says to the worker when he gets him down. For instance, a group of union men were judicially informed, the other day, that "labour, labour-unions or organized labour have their place and use; capital, and organization thereof, likewise, but both must be made to know and to keep their respective places and use by law, to change only by the ever fluctuating force of supply and demand." There is a grain of sense in this, but we lose sight of it completely when the judge goes on to say that the courts "must stand at all times as the representatives of capital, of captains of industry devoted to the principle of individual initiative."

As things go these days, the workers would fare badly enough, even in the absence of such frank partisanship on the part of the judiciary. When business is at full tide and the supply of labour is short, the workers are never sufficiently wise, sufficiently well organized, to take full advantage of the situation. The time of labour-shortage is the time of high wages, but it is regularly the time of highest profits also. On the other hand, the slacking off of production and the accretion of a labour-surplus gives the employers the opportunity to recover previous "losses" which are seldom losses in any real sense, but simply partial abridgments of profits imposed by the workers in good times. Thus the law of supply and demand leaves the employer of labour pretty regularly in a superior position, whatever the state of the market. Many of the spellbinders of the labour-movement have perceived this fact, although few of them have understood the conditions which lie behind it. The learned judge sees neither the fact nor the conditions, and accordingly his opinion commands great respect.

OUR fine old friend Mr. Lusk of the New York State Senate, and of late the moving spirit of the Lusk Committee, is to the fore again; this time lending his name to a bill which if enacted will place in the hands of three men an absolute censorship upon all moving-pictures exhibited to the people of New York State. Governor Miller is in favour of the measure, and so are we. We are heartily in favour of it because the greater the number of silly little laws enacted, the more largely and deeply will contempt of all laws be cultivated. The more that pestilent, petitfogging, ignorant nuisances are elevated to public office, and the busier they are allowed to be, the sooner will everybody's patience with all politics and politicians become exhausted. Mr. Lusk and Governor Miller are as valuable factors in the education of the people of New York State as Stolypin and Protopopov were in Russia. Our only regret is that they are not yet national figures; and until they become such, we hope that they will not grow weary or unresourceful in thinking up new harassments for the patient but educable people of the State of New York.

ANY monopoly which is not a natural monopoly tends to regulate itself, in the long-run. It grows up to the point of diminishing returns, and then split-offs occur and competition nibbles in around the edges. It is so with the monopoly which privilege has held upon education in the United States. The last dozen years have been remarkable for the hundreds of flourishing independent schools that have been started here and there under various auspices. The most recent project of the kind is a resident college to be set up at Katonah, New York, under the auspices of organized labour. This is an excellent enterprise. The English labour-colleges have done well enough to justify emulation here, and we are glad to welcome this beginning. American labour has been held back for a generation by the lack of educated leadership. Everything of course depends upon the nature of the education that is furnished; but at any rate it is a great deal in favour of the project that the need for it is being felt at last.

THOSE who expect government to express their every thought and aspiration are invited to contemplate the present status of the daylight-saving movement. Under the wartime act we had uniformity of law, if not of opinion, but since its repeal the contest between what the bewildered darky chauffeur called "God's time and Wilson's time" has developed more heat than daylight. Last summer some States adopted the early rising programme and some did not. Railways stood staunchly on standard time but some weakened and changed their schedules and some compromised between commutation and long distance trains. This year New York State in accordance with a mandate from the hay- and dairy-districts, has gone back to the good old time of our fathers, leaving municipalities free to fiddle with their clocks at will. In adjacent States, near-by cities tend to follow the New York style (with wide variation in the date for beginning) while remoter towns stick to standard. Connecticut is now cogitating a law forbidding communities to take liberties with the clock. Meanwhile the die-hards everywhere are fighting in their last ditches, the embattled farmers are drunk with victory and everybody else, especially the commuter, is thoroughly sick of the subject.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE THINGS THAT ARE PERMANENT

ALMOST simultaneously with the arrival of M. Viviani on our shores, there came to our attention the fact that the classical scholars of France have organized themselves into a society called the *Association Guillaume Budé*, or as we would say, the Budæus Society; taking its name from the illustrious classicist William Budé, better known to us by the latinized name of Budæus. This eminent man was a friend and correspondent of Erasmus of Rotterdam, and a contemporary of Christopher Columbus. It was chiefly due to his influence that Francis I established the Royal College of France; and he was the great pioneer in the introduction and promotion of Greek studies in his native land.

Among other excellent objects, the Budæus Society has set itself the task of producing a complete library of Greek and Latin authors with text and translations. It is probably unnecessary to dwell upon the remarkable aptitude that French scholarship has always shown for the work of translation. Any one who has examined the admirable collection of M. Lemaitre and particularly that of M. Nisard, must at once have been struck with their immense general superiority over similar collections published in our language. Individual works have appeared in English, it is true, which are better than those in M. Nisard's collection; the translations of Mr. Jebb, Mr. Jowett and Mr. Mackail, for example. But any collective enterprise, such as the Bohn library, has for some reason never stood comparison; the new Loeb library, especially, owing to its great and inexplicable unevenness in quality and to some fundamental defects in editorial organization, is in general a disappointment. Scholarship everywhere, therefore, will look to the forthcoming collection of the Budæus Society with profound interest and high expectation. A few volumes have already appeared; two volumes of Plato, edited by MM. Maurice and Alfred Croiset; one of Theophrastus, by M. Navarre; one of Æschylus, by M. Mazon; a complete Lucretius, by M. Ernout; Persius, by M. Cortault; and one volume of Cicero, by M. de la Ville de Mirmont. The Society invites membership among scholars in other lands, but naturally does not suggest their co-operation in this special work of translation.

But we must not let our enthusiasm over this project betray us into using up all our space in describing it. What most interests us—nay, what consoles and reassures us—is this evidence that the things which are really important go steadily on, even when public attention appears most preoccupied with the things that only seem important. Another piece of evidence came to our notice the other day from England. Out of a civilization that seems wholly overflowed by the filthy ebullience of politics and war, there came the announcement of a monumental work just completed after ten years of uninterrupted labour, the revision of Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon. "There are forces of weakness, docility, attractiveness, suavity," wrote George Sand, "which are as real forces as the forces of vigour, encroachment, violence, brutality." Yes, and they are the permanent, the regenerative, the transforming forces, and one only hopes that the Budæus Society will some day make M. Briand and Marshal Foch see it. Which to-day holds the deeper significance for the best reason and spirit of man; the dozen years of furious quarrelling between James I and his Parliament over the divine right of kings, or the publication in 1611—out of the very midst of that insen-

sate furore—of the Authorized Version of the Scriptures? Which holds the deeper significance to-day; the Versailles Treaty or the revision of Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon? Which counts for more to the best reason and spirit of man; the diabolical machinations of the French Foreign Office, or the project of the Budæus Society?

"The fashion of this world passeth away," said Goethe, "and I would fain occupy myself with the things that are permanent." It is the message of the Budæus Society, not the message of M. Viviani, that is the message of France to America. What does M. Viviani represent? His France is the France of Delcassé, Cambon, Clemenceau, Millerand; and it has nothing for America but fraud, nothing for itself but disgrace, nothing for the world but calamity. The France of Budé, Lemaitre, Nisard, Gaston Boissier, Brachet, has everything that is good and gracious; it is the illustrious, worshipful, imperishable France which for ever "puts itself in sympathy, across time and space, with a multitude of honest wills which interrogate their conscience and try to put themselves in accord with it." Again, what significance has the America to which M. Viviani is devoting his attentions, the America of Messrs. Burleson, Palmer, Wilson, Hughes, Harding? What can it bring to any one save utter mischief and contamination? It is to no such America that the true France appeals. The America of Humphreys, Lane, Gildersleeve, Lewis, Winans—that is an America into which Americanization really counts for something, an America which our French friends may implicitly trust to "co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and in its degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better and happier."

A PROGRAMME OF ACTION.

CERTAIN of our readers from time to time, though not as often now as formerly, reproach us good-humouredly with our failure to supply them with a detailed programme of action. One of them has just taken us to task for the final paragraph of our editorial of 30 March, called "The Control of the Shop."

For this reason, labour's preoccupation with such comparatively trivial points as wages, hours and conditions of labour, seems the height of absurdity; for until it comes to grasp the underlying reason for its state of servitude and to concern itself with getting rid of those reasons, it can never hope to accomplish any lasting good through organization. If labour would set itself to see that private monopoly of economic rent were done away with once for all, it could safely leave wages, hours and conditions of labour to take care of themselves; for with land in constant competition with industry for the employment of labour, there could be no over-crowding of the labour-market, forcing wages below the level of subsistence.

Very well, says our reader, but *how* is labour to get the private monopoly of economic rent done away with once for all? What is the first step to be taken, and the second and third, and so on? Assuming that labour "grasps the underlying reasons for its state of servitude," how is it to get rid of those reasons?

But this is just what can not be assumed, for it is not true. Labour is far from such knowledge. What then, is the point of asking for a detailed programme of action that must be based upon knowledge which labour as yet has not? The only suggestion that is of any practical value to labour at present is that of Solomon, *Get wisdom, get understanding; . . . get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding*: and this is precisely the point of the foregoing paragraph, and the point of much that we publish.

Again, the purpose of this paper is as far as possible to discuss fundamental principles and not to peddle nostrums. We are content to leave that sort of merchandizing to our liberal friends. We do not "come out for" Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones on this or that platform of social or political palliatives and compromises. We prefer to consider the essential nature of politics and to show our readers what these compromises amount to in the long run, and why. We do not write elaborately on labour-legislation, thinking it far more important to exhibit the economic system upon which the status of labour depends and must depend, no matter what labour-laws are passed. We have gone very leisurely in our advocacy of specific reforms like mother's pensions, old-age pensions, birth-control, disarmament, extension of the suffrage, "industrial democracy" and so forth throughout the long list of things that our liberal friends carry on much better than we could and with ever so much more enthusiasm and gusto. If anyone thinks that these are proper objects of endeavour and wishes to be titillated with the pleasant notion that in promoting them one is really doing something of first-class importance, he can find endless water to his mill in the outpourings of our liberal friends; if, on the other hand, he is interested in an unsentimental and scientific discussion of their economic character, and hence of their ultimate practicability, he will perhaps find something valuable in what we say about them.

Then too, we own that we have never liked the idea of a narrow and obstinate insistence on a course of action, even one that we ourselves would approve of. There is an impertinence about it that was always distasteful to us. We dislike the possessive and bullying tone of many editorial utterances that we read—as of many advertisements that we see—and we can not believe that in the long run they win their way. Thus our failure to particularize is due in largest part to respect for the intelligence of our readers and faith in their qualities. A critic might point to the apparent success of Mr. George Creel's "four-minute men," and tell us that our respect is exaggerated and our faith misplaced; but we should remain unconvinced. We conceive ourselves to be dealing with free people. We have always believed that a people is as free as it really wants to be; that it is free to the full extent of its actual interest in freedom and its willingness to accept the responsibilities of freedom. The indolent demand that some one hand down a sort of schedule of procedure, a time-table of action, ready-made, seems to us to betoken indifference to these responsibilities; and the deliberate offer of such a thing, such as our propagandists are continually making, seems to assume that our people are indifferent to them. History shows, however, that when people really want something and are quite sure what it is, they have abundant resourcefulness about getting it. When people really wanted political freedom, the right of individual self-expression in politics, they were not slow or stupid about finding ways to get it. When they really want economic freedom and once learn what it consists in, they will not be asking us or anyone else how to get it, for they will be too busy taking effective action on programmes of their own devising.

We therefore have always been chiefly concerned with encouraging people to want economic freedom and helping them to understand what it really is, what its advantages are, and how far and into what unconsidered realms, like those of art, music and letters, for instance, its influence extends. Here we felt that we could offer something of value, and offer it without

presumption; whereas we have always been sure, and still are sure, that for the practical attainment of what they want, an informed and awakened people could improvise a programme overnight that would beat our best-considered efforts hollow. Still, we do not wish to appear obstinate; and in response to this demand for practical suggestions, we will mention a few things that anyone can do in any community. First, write to Washington for a copy of the Ralston-Nolan bill, now before the Congress; then get a discussion of this bill and its underlying principles in every school debating-society, local newspaper, women's club, Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade and similar bodies, forum, clerical club, grange and union local in the land. Second, get a discussion before the same bodies, of land-values in the problem of housing, with special attention to determining whether land-values are by right private property in the same sense that the products of labour are private property. Third, get a discussion, before the same bodies, analysing the effect of the private monopoly of economic rent upon (1) wages, hours, and conditions of labour; and upon (2) the employment of capital in industry; and analysing the effect that would be produced upon these by the abolition of such monopoly. Fourth, get a discussion, before the same bodies, of agricultural land-values as a factor in the business of agriculture and in the general cost of living.

These are modest suggestions and extremely practical, and we hope they will recommend themselves to our readers who are in quest of a programme of action. No one, we imagine, can complain of their lack of definiteness, and they are so simple that any one can carry them out; and certainly nothing would be more productive of lasting good than putting them into effect in every city, town and village in the country.

ENTRANCES AND EXITS.

WITH President Harding leading a parade in honour of Simon Bolivar, great-grandfather of Colombian national independence, while Secretary Hughes sandbags Panama in token of the ex-independence of that particular part of Colombia, the United States is doing something to replenish the store of time's laughing-stocks; and yet somehow our American contributions to this collection seem never to possess the rare excellence that European offerings have attained to, upon occasion. For example, Gabriele d'Annunzio's Adriatic adventure burlesques delightfully the grand opera of his native land. Who that has read the story, can forget how d'Annunzio once went forth with music and with banners to meet an army that had been sent against him; how the poet drew his sword, before the face of the invaders, and summoned them to comradeship in the cause of Fiume for ever; how the commander of the attacking troops came out to d'Annunzio, in the great open space between the lines; and how the two threw back their splendid cloaks, and embraced each other, while all the soldiery cried out with one voice, "Fiume or death!"

Time passed, and d'Annunzio went forth from Fiume, not inappropriately by aeroplane, in sublime apotheosis; but certainly not without having let slip a rumour that such would be his exit. His name passed too, from the columns of the press, and now we have another placarded in its place. A few days since, a man much cloaked and armed, set out from the Swiss frontier upon a secret journey. Travelling now in a military motor, and now in a "simple villager's car," stopping in this castle and that,

he came at last to the city of his destination; nor did he halt his equipage until it stood before the very gates of the royal palace. When the porter's eye fell upon the person of the newcomer, he "saluted reverently." "Call the regent to me," commanded the traveller; and in an instant a messenger was off to do his bidding. The regent, however, was a good deal of a person himself, as may be judged from the language of his reply, "At present I am head of the State. Nobody has a right to send for me." But even this did not discourage the stranger; only a few hours before, two gentlemen had heard him set forth his high purpose in these ringing words, "I have had enough of exile and deprivation, and now I am coming back as your Liege Lord. I am convinced that the population will receive me enthusiastically and rally round my banner." He was convinced, too, that no one would dare molest "the King's anointed person." Hence he braved even the indignity of the regent's rebuff, and when he met this obdurate person a short while later, he pinned a grand cross upon his bosom and asked him to resign. The regent was touched, but his heart was soon hardened again in the determination to keep the cross and the kingdom too. With tears of disappointment in his eyes, the stranger at last yielded to unkind fate and pledged himself to quit the country at once. At the palace gate he repeated the promise with an air of finality, for as he strode past the reverential porter, he cried in a hollow voice, "Farewell for ever!"

D'Annunzio is gone, somewhere, but at this writing, Charles of Austria is still at large among the Magyars, trying to make himself Charles of Hungary, while Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-slavia and Rumania wait upon his success as the signal that the time has arrived for the final erasure of both king and kingdom. The story of the royal return, as it is set down in the newspapers, does not properly prepare one for this suggested *dénouement*. The Associated Press dispatch from which the quotations in the preceding paragraph were drawn, presents a full assortment of all the fine phrases that have done service in the throne-rooms of Zenda and Graustark. Even if Charles had been fitted out with words and music by Gilbert and Sullivan, he could not have made a more superbly comical re-entrance into his lost kingdom. The talk was twaddle, the stage-business was ludicrous, and the whole affair should have come to an appropriate conclusion in a hearty laugh on the other side of the footlights. Yet the small States and the big States behind them are waiting for the chance to break up the show and hang all the actors on the nearest lamp-posts. Thus, in these troubled times, the pendulum of events swings from tragedy to farce and back again to tragedy, with the ridiculous mummery of the one serving somehow to stir men's hearts to the madness of the other.

THE LIBERAL IN THE DARK.

IN attempting to define the position of the radical, we have had occasion to discuss in a friendly way the propositions advanced from time to time by our liberal friends; and we are tempted by the *Nation's* recent editorial on True Leadership once more to pry gently into the liberal mind. Our contemporary takes for its text President Hadley's plea for open-mindedness, critical judgment, vision, and courage as giving to leadership the knowledge whither to lead; a knowledge, we should add, that can not be looked for in the absence of a guiding principle by which to distinguish right from wrong. But a theoretical consistency of this sort is just what

seems most to annoy the altruistic liberal, who regards it as the hobgoblin of little minds, and would like to believe with the *Nation* that "those who insist that their little panacea will cure all the world are less and less listened to or trusted"; that they must be classed as dangerous egotists, or as blind men offering their quack remedies of single tax, proportional representation, disarmament, communism, or nationalization of industry as capable of lifting us out of our present chaos. How, the radical may well ask, is it possible to dismiss this heterogeneous list of conflicting theories without the patient examination which would alone determine whether one or more of them may not offer a good enough panacea for all practical purposes? The situation would seem to him to call for intelligent discussion of the evidence.

That some such thoughts are stirring among liberals may be assumed when the *Nation* finds it necessary to warn its readers against anyone with a complete programme; and to hint at the invasion of editorial calm by those who attempt to distinguish between destructive and constructive criticism, and who require a plain statement of policy. While this paper welcomes these evidences of intellectual ferment, it would be still more gratified over an attempt to analyse the proposed remedies with a view to discovering whether any of them are in harmony with natural laws—say the law of equal freedom—and are, therefore, worthy of active support. But the *Nation*, having waved aside the theorists, propounds a theory of its own—that "the most that can be done to-day is to grope step by step," accepting woman suffrage, peace, disarmament, free trade, and a world court as pointing in the right direction, since they "are of the fibre of democracy, justice and Christianity."

If this then is the test, why was it not applied to the first group of remedies, discarded as doubtful panaceas? Or was disarmament the only one to meet the requirements? It would be interesting to know just why the *Nation* found, say, the single tax wanting in "democracy, justice and Christianity," since its advocates believe that it would serve democracy by returning to the people the power of which they have been robbed; that it would further justice by substituting equality of opportunity for legal privilege; and that it would give reality to the pretension of Christianity by invoking the Golden Rule in the daily business of life.

It is for these reasons that radicals have consistently demanded the reform of land-tenure as the basis of equity. Even while dismissing communist theories as erroneous, Herbert Spencer insisted that they were nearly related to truth, being "unsuccessful efforts to express the fact that whoso is born on this planet of ours thereby obtains some interest in it—may not be summarily dismissed again—may not have his existence ignored by those in possession." For the natural law recognizes that "all men have equal rights to the use of the earth." Neither democracy nor justice can be satisfied until the ancient wrong of disinheritance is righted; and as for Christianity, was it not St. Gregory who said, "In vain do they think themselves innocent who claim God's common gift as private to themselves," and St. Ambrose who regarded charity merely as an act of restitution, because "the earth is all men's and not the property of the rich," although "those who use their own are fewer than those who have lost the use of it"?

If we apply the same test to the reforms acceptable to the *Nation*, we must welcome the enfranchisement of women, in spite of their immediate service to reaction, because of our adherence to the law of equal freedom. Anxious as the radical may be for peace and disarmament, his study of cause and effect leads him to believe that these blessings can not be successfully imposed by compulsion after the manner of the prohibition amendment. His whole endeavour is to substitute voluntary co-operation for coercion, and he believes that the way to peace lies through economic freedom. It seems to him logical to suppose that the public appropriation of ground-rent will accomplish this purpose by making natural resources equally accessible to all men and all races. He is at a loss to understand how advocates of free trade can balk at the idea of freedom in the production of goods before the exchange takes place. But when land-monopoly comes up for discussion, a strange reticence overcomes critics whose moral judgments do not ordinarily lack vigour. Is one kind of freedom more in keeping with "democracy, justice and Christianity" than the other, or have free-trade liberals simply neglected to follow the lead of truth beyond the conception of tariff for revenue only?

The question seems to us to be one of fundamental importance, for economic forces determine the issues of life and death. Given equal freedom to use the earth, such political expedients as international courts and parliaments seem of minor importance, if not superfluous. For national boundaries would cease to be barriers, and the fierce nationalist instinct would die for want of stimulant. An important part of wisdom is not only to know what to do, but to do first things first—to permit the needy to help themselves, for instance, before subjecting them to the formal operations of charity.

It is precisely because we can not pierce the veil of the future that we must cling to principles and apply them as fearlessly as we dare. If the liberal agrees to this general statement, what does he mean when in one breath he rails at the quack with his "immediate and complete specific," and in the next breath calls for "a definite philosophy, a definite chart of life, a definite and sound position towards human rights and aspirations?" With such an equipment is he not ready to venture resolutely into the unknown instead of groping helplessly?

In the same issue of the *Nation* from which we have quoted, is an editorial comment on the New York rent-laws which have been upheld by the Court of Appeals, laws described by our contemporary as perhaps the most socialistic legislation in the history of the Commonwealth. Justice Pound's decision, exalting the powers of government at the expense of individual rights, the *Nation* accepts as "a much-needed and encouraging assertion of the supremacy of human rights over those of property." This view is in line with the *Nation's* earlier suggestion that the government should commandeer and operate the houses to meet the emergency, and it illustrates the tendency of the liberal to drift into socialism because of his confusion of ideas regarding individual rights.

The liberal apparently sees no difference between the private ownership of the land on which the population must perform live, and of houses which are the result of human exertion; there seems to be no clear distinction in his mind between private and public income; he is, therefore, unable to per-

ceive that if the land-laws remain unchanged, "co-operation assisted by public capital, or direct construction for sale or lease" by the government is not a solution of the housing-problem on lines of sound principles based on human rights, but a confusion of morals and a postponement of the problem.

If the *Nation* would apply to this question the test of "democracy, justice and Christianity" it might discover that democracy demands equality of opportunity in the use of land, that justice would apportion ground-rent to the community and house-rent to the individual owner, while Christianity would applaud the attempt to limit Caesar to his proper resources. But the liberal mind is still ruled by political ideas designed to postpone the economic emancipation.

THE LISTENER AT THE STONE.

(Translated by Hans Trausil.)

WHAT we feel to be spring, God sees pass over the earth as a fleeting smile. The earth seems to remember something; in the summer she murmurs to all men of it, but she grows more wise in the great autumnal silence in which she communes with those who are lonely. All springs which you and I have lived are not enough to fill one moment of God. The spring which God takes cognizance of does not remain in trees and in meadows, it must in some way become potent in man, for then spring does not vanish, as it were, in time, but passes into Eternity, and into the Presence of God.

Once when this happened, God's glances hovered like dark wings over Italy. The land below was luminous, the age gleamed like gold, but across it, like a dark road, lay the broad shadow of a man, heavy and black; and far in front of him stretched the shadow of his creating hands, restless, stirring, now over Pisa, now over Naples, now dissolving over the uncertain motion of the sea. God could not turn His eyes from those hands which at first appeared to Him folded like praying hands, but the prayer which sprang from them forced them wide apart. There was a stillness in the heavens. All the Saints followed the glances of God and gazed upon the shadow which shrouded half Italy; and the hymns of the Angels became silent upon their lips; and the stars trembled, for they feared to have committed a sin and awaited meekly God's wrathful word. But the word was not spoken. The heavens had opened themselves in their entire breadth over Italy, and Raphael sank upon his knees in Rome, and the blessed Fra Angelico di Fiesole stood in a cloud and rejoiced in him. At this hour many prayers from the earth rose upward. But God recognized this only: The strength of Michelangelo ascending to Him like the fragrance from vineyards, and He suffered it to fill His Being. He bent deeper, found the creating man, looked beyond his shoulders upon the hands harkening at the stone and He became afraid: were there to be souls also in the stones? Why did this man listen to the stones? Now his hands moved and as from a grave dug up the stone wherein a weak dying voice flickered. "Michelangelo," God cried in fear, "who is in the stone?" Michelangelo looked up, his hands trembled. Then he answered in a muffled voice: "Thou art, my God, none other. But I can not penetrate to Thee." And then God felt that He, too, was in the stone and suffocation came over Him. The whole sky was but a stone, and He was imprisoned in its midst and He desired that the hands of Michelangelo would deliver Him, and He heard them come closer, though they were still far away.

The master was again at his work. He thought continuously: You are but a small block and another than I could hardly find a man in you. But I feel here a shoulder; it is the shoulder of Joseph of Arimathea, here Mary bends low, I feel her trembling hands which enfold Jesus, our Lord, who has just died on the cross. If these three have room in this small marble, why should I not lift a sleeping generation out of a rock? With sweeping strokes he delivered the three forms of the "Picta," but he did not loosen the marble veils entirely from their faces, as though he feared that their deep sadness might paralyse his hands. Then he hastened to another stone. But each time, he faltered in giving to a forehead its full clarity, to a shoulder its purest curve; and when he shaped a woman, he did not model the perfect smile about her mouth, lest her beauty be wholly betrayed.

He designed the tomb for Julius della Rovere. He planned

to build a mountain over this iron pope and to create a generation which would people this mountain. Filled with many dim plans he went forth to his marble quarries. Over a poor village rose the steep slope. Surrounded by withering olive-trees the freshly broken surfaces of the rock seemed like a huge pale face hidden under ageing hair. For a long time Michelangelo stood before this veiled forehead. Suddenly he perceived beneath it two gigantic eyes of stone which looked at him. Michelangelo felt his form grow under the influence of this glance. Now he, too, rose above the land and it seemed to him as though from the beginning of time he had stood opposite this mountain like a brother. The valley receded under him as under some one who ascends; the huts crowded together like herds; and under its white veils of stone the rocky face revealed itself more clearly and more significantly. It showed an expectant expression, motionless—it seemed about to move and Michelangelo thought: "I can not break thee, for thou art a part of the mountain, an entirety." Then he said: "I will complete Thee. Thou art my work." And he returned to Florence and while journeying thither he beheld a star and the tower of the cathedral, and about his feet there fell the evening.

At the Porta Romana he hesitated. The two rows of houses stretched towards him like arms, already they had seized him and drawn him into the city. The streets became narrower and filled with the dusk, and as he entered his house he knew that he was caught by dark hands from which he could not escape. He fled into the portico and from there into the small low chamber where he was wont to write. Its walls closed in upon him and it was as though they struggled with his greatness and forced him back into the old narrow form. He yielded to them. He pressed himself down upon his knees and permitted himself to be shaped by them. He felt in himself a humbleness he had never known before; and a voice sounded: "Michelangelo, who is within thee?" The man in the little chamber pressed his forehead heavily into his hands and said softly: "Thou art, my God, none other."

Then the space became vast about God, and His face shone above Italy: and the Saints were standing there with vestments and mitres, and the Angels lifting their songs like chalices filled with glistening springs walked under the thirsting stars, and there was Heaven without end.

RAINER MARIA RILKE.

CHEKHOV'S NOTEBOOK.

This section consists of notes, themes, and sketches for works which Anton Chekhov intended to write, and are characteristic of the methods of his artistic production. Among his papers was found a series of sheets in a special cover with the inscription: "Themes, thoughts, notes, and fragments." Madame L. O. Knipper-Chekhov, his wife, also possesses his notebook, in which he entered separate themes for his future work, quotations which he liked, etc. If he used any of this material, he used to strike it out in the notebook. The significance which Chekhov attributed to this material may be judged from the fact that he recopied most of it into a special copy-book.

I LEFT Gregory Ivanovitch's feeling crushed and mortally offended. I was irritated by smooth words and by those who speak them, and on reaching home I meditated thus: some rail at the world, others at the crowd, that is to say praise the past and blame the present; they cry out that there are no ideals and so on, but all this has already been said twenty or thirty years ago; these are worn-out forms which have already served their time, and whoever repeats them now, he too is no longer young and is himself worn out. With last year's foliage there decay too those who live in it. I thought, we uncultured, worn-out people, banal in speech, stereotyped in intentions, have grown quite mouldy, and, while we intellectuals are rummaging among old rags and, according to the old Russian custom, biting one another, there is boiling up around us a life which we neither know nor notice. Great events will take us unawares, like sleeping fairies, and you will see that Sidorov, the merchant, and the teacher of the school at Yelez, who see and know more than we do, will push us far into the background, because they will accomplish more than all of us put together. And I thought that were we now to obtain political liberty, of which we talk so much, while engaged in biting one another, we should not know what to do with it, we should waste it in accusing one another in the newspapers of being spies and

money-grubbers, we should frighten society with the assurance that we have neither men, nor science nor literature, nothing! Nothing! And to scare society as we are doing now, and as we shall continue to do, means to deprive it of courage; it means simply to declare that we have no social or political sense in us. And I also thought that, before the dawn of a new life has broken, we shall turn into sinister old men and women and we shall be the first who, in our hatred of that dawn, will calumniate it.

MOTHER never stops talking about poverty. It is very strange. In the first place, it is strange that we are poor, beg like beggars, and at the same time eat superbly, live in a large house; in the summer we go to our own country house, and generally speaking we do not look like beggars. Evidently this is not poverty, but something else, and rather worse. Secondly, it is strange that for the last ten years mother has been spending all her energy solely on getting money to pay interest. It seems to me that were mother to spend that terrible energy on something else, we could have twenty such houses. Thirdly, it seems to me strange that the hardest work in the family is done by mother, not by me. To me that is the strangest thing of all, most terrible. She has, as she has just said, a thought on her brain, she begs, she humiliates herself; our debts grow daily and up till now I have not done a single thing to help her. What can I do? I think and think and can not make it out. I only see clearly that we are rushing down an inclined plane, but to what, the devil knows. They say that poverty threatens us and that in poverty there is disgrace, but that too I can not understand, since I was never poor.

THE spiritual life of these women is as grey and dull as their faces and dresses; they speak of science, literature, tendencies, and the like, only because they are the wives and sisters of scholars and literary men; were they the wives and sisters of inspectors or of dentists, they would speak with the same zeal of fires or teeth. To allow them to speak of science, which is foreign to them, and to listen to them, is to flatter their ignorance.

ESSENTIALLY all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people. But when one listens to music, all this is—that some people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive and grey-haired, is now sitting in a box in the theatre, seems quiet and majestic, and the avalanche is no longer meaningless, since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive.

OLGA IVANOVNA regarded old chairs, stools, sofas with the same respectful tenderness as she regarded old dogs and horses, and her room, therefore, was something like an almshouse for furniture. Round the mirror, on all tables and shelves, stood photographs of uninteresting, half-forgotten people; on the walls hung pictures at which nobody ever looked; and it was always dark in the room, because there burnt there only one lamp with a blue shade.

IF you cry "Forward," you must without fail explain in which direction one must go. Do you not see that, if without explaining the direction, you fire off this word simultaneously at a monk and a revolutionary, they will proceed in precisely opposite directions?

IT is said in Holy Writ: "Fathers, do not irritate your children," even the wicked and good-for-nothing children; but the fathers irritate me, irritate me terribly. My contemporaries chime in with them and the youngsters follow, and every minute they strike me in the face with their smooth words.

THAT the aunt suffered and did not show it gave him the impression of a trick.

O. I. was in constant motion; such women, like bees, carry about a fertilizing pollen . . .

DON'T marry a rich woman—she will drive you out of the house; Don't marry a poor woman—you won't sleep; but marry the freest freedom, the lot and life of a Cossack. (Ukrainian saying.)

ALIOSHA: I often hear people say: 'Before marriage there is romance, and then—good-bye, illusion!' How heartless and coarse it is.

So long as a man likes the splashing of a fish, he is a poet; but when he knows that the splashing is nothing but the chase of the weak by the strong, he is a thinker; but when he does not understand what sense there is in the chase, or what use in the equilibrium which results from destruction, he is becoming silly and dull, as he was when a child. And the more he knows and thinks, the sillier he becomes.

The death of a child. I have no sooner sat down in peace than—bang!—fate lets fly at me.

THE she-wolf, nervous and anxious, fond of her young, dragged away a foal into her winter-shelter, thinking him a lamb. She knew that there was a ewe and that the ewe had young. While she was dragging the foal away, suddenly some one whistled; she was alarmed and dropped him, but he followed her. They arrived at the shelter. He began to suck like the young wolves. Throughout the winter he changed but little; he only grew thin and his legs longer, and the spot on his forehead turned into a triangle. The she-wolf was in delicate health. (A sketch of part of the story "Whitehead.")

THEY invited celebrities to these evening parties, and it was dull because there are few people of talent in Moscow, and the same singers and reciters performed at all evening parties.

WHEN Y. spoke or ate, his beard moved as if he had no teeth in his mouth.

IVASHIN loved Nadya Vishneyevsky and was afraid of his love. When the butler told him that the old lady had just gone out, but the young lady was at home, he fumbled in his fur coat and dress-coat pocket, found his card, and said: "Right." But it was not all right. Driving from his house in the morning, to pay a visit, he thought that he was compelled to it by conventions of society, which weighed heavily upon him. But now it was clear to him that he went to pay calls only because somewhere far away in the depths of his soul, as under a veil, there lay hidden a hope that he would see Nadya. He suddenly felt pitiful, sad, and a little frightened.

IN his soul, it seemed to him, it was snowing, and everything faded away. He was afraid to love Nadya, because he was too old for her, thought his appearance unattractive, and did not believe that young girls like Nadya could love men for their minds and spiritual qualities. Still there would at times rise in him something like a hope. But now, from the moment when the officer's spurs jingled and then died away, there also died away his timid love. All was at an end, hope was impossible. "Yes, now all is finished," he thought, "I am glad, very glad."

HE imagined his wife to be not Nadya, but always, for some reason, a stout woman with a large bosom, covered with Venetian lace.

HE drove in a cab, and, as he watched his son walking away, thought: "Perhaps, he belongs to the race of men who will no longer trundle in scurvy cabs, as I do, but will fly through the skies in balloons."

(To be continued.)

MR. HARDING SEES VISIONS.

LIKE Plato, President Harding contemplates the perfect state. In words which should roll from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and, in spite of a possible contemporary neglect, are destined to stand in history shoulder to shoulder with the long line of first inaugurals, he has revealed to us the dreams of his bosom, he has admitted us to the fastnesses of his mind.

If, despite this [non-aggressive] attitude, war is again forced upon us, I earnestly hope a way may be found which will unify our individual and collective strength and consecrate all America, body and soul, to national defence. I can vision the ideal republic, where every man and woman is called under the flag for assignment to duty, for whatever service, military or civic, the individual is best fitted, where we may call to universal service every plant, agency or facility, all in the sublime sacrifice for country and not one penny for war-profit shall inure to the benefit of the private individual, corporation or combination, but all above the normal shall flow into the defence chest of the nation. There is something inherently wrong, something out of accord with the ideals of representative democracy, when one portion of our citizenry turns its activity to private gain amid defensive war while another is fighting, sacrificing or dying for national preservation.

Amen, Brother Harding. There certainly does seem to be something wrong about it. But to speak plainly, how is war to be conducted at all save by the production of munitions and supplies; and within the present economic system of rampant privilege, how is that production to be accomplished except on a basis of private gain? What have the "ideals of representative democracy" to do with the case? This is wholly an economic question. Mr. Harding's quarrel should be with the system itself, rather than with one of its random manifestations. If he has already forgotten, a good many of his fellow countrymen are apt to remember, that every war, both before and since the birth of representative democracy, has automatically induced an orgy of profiteering on the part of those who make and handle the necessary goods. It can not be otherwise. Indeed, the profiteering of war is only an exaggeration of the profiteering of peace, due to the breaking down in war-time of the ordinary moral checks and balances. Competition and supply and demand, through the combination of privilege, have largely become a delusion; to-day the only real restraint on privilege is fear. Profiteering is always with us. Instead of being out of accord with our daily life, it actually inheres in it. Does Mr. Harding really intend to tackle the body of this proposition?

What Mr. Harding proposes in an earlier sentence of the speech seems to lend weight to the speculation. He dreams of a State "where we may call to universal service every plant, agency and facility . . . and not one penny of war-profit shall inure to the benefit of the private individual, corporation or combination. . . ." The thought is cloudy, but its general intent seems plain. It unquestionably is directed at the fundamentals of our economic system. It is a proposal to fix prices in industry, regulate costs, oversee production and distribution, in time of war, and to do this through the machinery of government; or if the speaker has it in mind to lop off the loot in excess profits-taxes, he covers the same general ground. In short, Mr. Harding proposes drastically to control business and industry by government. Taken in connexion with his idea of calling every man and woman under the flag for assignment to duty, it appears that what the President "visions" as the ideal republic is nothing but a gigantic centralized bureaucracy, something on the order of Lenin's State in Russia.

But in another part of the same speech, Mr. Harding calls for "the omission of unnecessary interference of government with business, an end to government's experiment in business, and more efficient business in government administration," whatever that may mean. It seems, however, to be a poor expansion of the campaign slogan, "Less government in business, and more business in government." Mr. Harding, of course, is now speaking of peace-times. Apparently he has no realization of the fact that profiteering is inherent in his whole economic system, and that it operates quite as smoothly in peace as in war.

But stay!—we may be doing an injustice to our new President all around; we may have underestimated his dexterity. We have just run through that wonderful paragraph again with a fine-toothed comb—and a fine-toothed comb often brings up unexpected quarry. He says: "but all [profits] *above the normal* shall flow into the defence chest of the nation." Of course—how careless of us. Above the normal. Is there any possible way of finding out what the normal is, except by engineering methods; is there any possible guarantee that government would adopt the engineering normal as the political normal; is there any agency in existence for enforcing this normal after it has been determined, and is any likely to be adopted? So the normal may be quite anything at all. It is a matter of opinion. It is almost certain to be the existing and the actual; in other words, the profit that is, is the normal profit. A profiteer who could not show a company made up of Messrs. Harding, Penrose, Weeks, Fall and Lodge, *et al.*, that his profits were normal, would richly deserve to lose 'em. We are relieved. In spite of loose appearances, all is well. Privilege is not actually in danger. The fundamentals are to remain in the cellar.

We wonder, however, if the President is aware that he has repeated almost verbatim the pious and hollow formula pronounced by his predecessor in office, just as America was trying out her first whoops in the late lamented war? It was on the day of 11 July, 1917, that Mr. Wilson lectured eloquently on the same thesis. Since our feet were by that time already in the mire, he promised rather than "visioned." He promised that this war was to be a war in which patriotism should be placed above profits. He promised that he would attend to the matter in person, so that no one need doubt the righteousness of whatever transpired. He promised that no selfish man of business should grow rich out of the sacrifices, suffering and death of these noble youths who now, etc. . . . altar of the country, etc. . . . crusade . . . sacred honour . . . overwhelming trust, etc., etc., etc. We need not quote; the formula begins to run familiarly in the public mind. That was how it looked to Mr. Wilson. Since then, we seem to have heard rumours now and then of aircraft profits and ship-building profits and clothing profits and munition-making profits—of profits that to some of us, but not, of course, to their recipients, seemed a hair or two above the normal. God knows, Mr. Wilson never lacked the power to stop it; he fairly wallowed in power, as the profits rolled up and the boys died. Maybe those profits were just rumours; then again, maybe they weren't. Anyway, who can prove it? Perhaps Mr. Harding has "visioned" that, too.

But think of it, brethren, the chosen and anointed of the Republican Old Guard, tampering with the pillars of special privilege! The war-makers in power limiting their own profits! It is a glorious feat of the imagination, but they must have a pretty poor opinion of the intelligence of the ordinary citizen to

ask us to believe that it will come to pass. Maybe they are right about the intelligence of our citizenry; but this matter goes beyond the province of the mind. It is a matter of fact and event. Mr. Harding, of course, does not see that these economic problems are unsolvable, save in fundamental terms; and of fundamental terms, and even of the problems themselves, the new President reveals that he has no adequate conception. Hence he will not solve them. Hence the country will turn against him for his inevitable failure, and, remembering nothing and learning nothing will turn again to seek salvation in a refurbished Democratic party.

Mr. Harding's only hope lies in war, for always remains war, that fine old exciter of the public emotions, that thick old coverer up of error and incapacity, that triumphant old deluder and perverter of the human heart. It will very soon dawn on Mr. Harding that the only way to retrieve his failure in peace will be to be a success in war. Accordingly he will rush to incur new debts because he can not meet the old ones. To the good patriotic citizen, however, it will not appear in this guise at all; he will see it as a perfectly natural development, through the eyes of the particular paper which he happens to read, and along with it will develop the 1917-18 fervour of his patriotism. He will go about his business breathing curses against the Japanese, or the British, or the Mexicans—whichever the fates of perversity ordain to be our next antagonist—and when the time comes, his sons will march forth gladly and bravely to have their guts shot out, while the alligator tears of government drip and spatter in the Potomac.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

WALT WHITMAN'S DEMOCRACY.

WHAT pinchbeck critics of recent years, eagerly perceiving which way the wind blows, have not tossed their sweaty caps in the air at the sound of Walt Whitman's name, and given solemn thanks for the poet of democracy? How many are not now, as the professor said, "giving back in a thin mist what they received in a shower of rain"? Bigwigs have sat in pensive judgment upon him, shaking their hoary heads; oracles abroad have thundered his praise; evidence has been heard; attorneys have blustered and fumed; judgment has been handed down; and if no one since Stevenson has been summoned for contempt of court it is because the lusty cheering has drowned out the few feeble dissenters. I suspect that the gracious unbending of foreign judges (already thumping their chests over Poe and Thoreau) carried great weight in the court-room. As a nation we are much too keen to be caught a third time while our backs still smart from the blows of a Gautier. "The poet of democracy," they roar. "The poet of democracy," we echo. What matter that these foreign judges know little of American democracy or that their information has dripped from the leaky notebooks of lecturers who have whirled through all the forty-eight states. The stiff-necked opposition of early years has been silenced. The academicians have eaten their words, and stamped the hall-mark of their approval upon one who could unblushingly write: "I wish you was here," or calmly exclaim: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself"—and the doors which for so long were so priggishly closed have swung open at last.

Yet Whitman is no more the inspired poet of democracy, giving voice to its polyglot personality or its contemptible average, than is Pope. What few origi-

inals our jingoistic culture has at length embraced are, like all originals, eerie notes in the common din. Thoreau laboriously and cynically carrying the 700 unsold volumes of the *Week* to their dusty bed in the garret knew well that he played no part in the literary commerce of his day, and that he was spokesman for no group. Whitman, turned out of a post in the Department of the Interior by a prying official horrified at pages that sang of "physiology from top to toe," tasted then, as many times, the bitters of our national intolerance, and had good cause to know how limited was his sympathy. "I celebrate myself, and sing myself," he wrote. "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones." But what he assumes I do not assume, nor, I feel sure, does the wrangling mob in all the states.

In me the caresser of life wherever moving, backward as well as forward slung,
To niches aside and junior bending, not a person or object missing,
Absorbing all to myself and for this song.

Such was the breadth of his vision, and the sweet tolerance and mellow sympathy of his nature. I see no matching qualities in the suspicion, distrust, anger, and hatred of our social fortunes. Whitman's, let it be said, is not the pervading spirit of democracy. Democracy has not climbed so high. He sang for himself, the poet of his own personality, his own generosity. "Even what is best in American life is compulsory—the idealism, the zeal, the beautiful happy unison of its great moments," says Professor Santayana with acute discrimination. "You must wave, you must cheer, you must push with the irresistible crowd; otherwise you will feel like a traitor, a soulless outcast, a deserted ship high and dry on the shore." None of our native poets has been less brushed by the compulsory sweep of thought than Whitman. The poet of democracy is Bryant, Riley, or Longfellow. The incarnation of American democracy is Roosevelt—energetic, aggressive, expeditious, sincere. But not Whitman; as poet of democracy he resembles Swinburne: he's "the damnedest *simulacrum*."

For if Whitman represents any portion of society, it is that numerically large one which had previously been inarticulate and is so now. He waxed eloquent over those whose lives are guided by good impulse rather than by principle. Thus his love of unlettered company and unpretentious commerce. In New York in his younger days he rode on the front platforms of the horse-cars, surveying the street-crowds; and in his declining years the drivers of horse-cars in Philadelphia provided him with a front chair from which he could watch the streets again. Peter Doyle, with whom he was uncommonly intimate and communicative, was a horse-car conductor in Washington. He sailed across the Hudson and the East River, time and again, in the pilot houses of the ferry boats, chatting genially with the helmsmen whom he knew well. That sort of robust companionship he came by naturally. Born and bred the son of an honest and rather shiftless carpenter, and of a mother almost illiterate, a large part of his nature was one of inherited cloddishness, tempered with an acquired love of good literature. Indeed, in those later years when Whitmanian zealots were eagerly shouting his praises to all the winds, enough of the old workman still clung to him so that he was constitutionally suspicious of "gentlemen." He never grasped the patent fact, or else refused to grasp it, that the better among them preserved the stouter qualities of manhood at the same time that they cultivated sound philosophy—in short, that they contributed whatever substance

American democracy might have. To Whitman all such were guilty unless they proved themselves innocent. "Of persons arrived at high positions, ceremonies, wealth, scholarship," he wrote, "Often to me those men and women pass unwittingly the true realities of life, and go towards false realities." The italics are mine; and those qualifying words are the least Whitmanian of all. He was no artful compromiser; he did not dull the point of his weapon. If he respected "gentlemen" earlier in life when he was setting "Leaves of Grass" into type, it was because he realized that the success of his venture hung upon their recognition. They were ungracious long enough, and when at length his fame burst into a ruddy glow his inclination was to condemn all those who had not proved their heroism. Impulsively he branded as snobs, as aristocrats, those about whom hung the smell of tradition.

Something of the broad sweep of our country, it is true, enriches the background of "Leaves of Grass." Whitman's songs of open roads and broad axes ring true notes, American notes, with their sweet intimations of wealth and plenty. No thrifty bundling of faggots here, but the exultation of the worker out-of-doors, unsubdued as yet by social aspiration; the romance of white sails and spars and masts and "thick-stemm'd pipes of steamboats"; the joy of sound health! Who knows how much of the current passion for nature, set between covers by genial essayists, and the mysticism and comradeship of the streets, represented by other journalistic humanists, has trickled down from "Leaves of Grass"? These fresh patterns colour the background; but Whitman wrote withal for himself. His point of departure, as he detailed it, was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary and poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that Personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem and book.

Again:

"Leaves of Grass" indeed (I can not too often reiterate) has mainly been the outcropping of my own emotional and other personal nature—an attempt, from first to last, to put a *Person*, a human being, (myself, in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, in America) freely, fully, and truly on record.

What fatuous instinct breeds this infernal passion for reconciliation—for gathering Whitman into the fold of large-scale production? What genius of the cataloguer requires that he be indexed? Why must a school be founded upon his dead remains? Indeed, the cult which has since been bent vaguely upon "carrying forward" the work he began savours more of American democracy than he did. It imitates; Whitman created. There is no room in him for sedulous aping; for Whitman with all his shortcomings, his occasional stupendous ignorance, yet achieved the distinction of originality. At a time when eyes were turned hopefully towards an emasculate culture, his "barbaric yawp" drew attention to wholesome crudities at our feet. In sweeping rhetorical screeds, humourlessly (frequently in wearisome catalogues and Malapropian dash of verbiage) he set them all on paper—the virtuous, and since Whitman was often naïve, especially the vicious. When bodies were almost despised his lungs swelled with praise of the physical, and he suffused his poems with fragrant optimism, tolerating and approving all, dreaming visions of great things to come.

Whitman stands upon his own feet, unsupported and unexplained, as he latterly came to think of his work. An original who was not puffed up, a radical who had no sour-belly, he is one of the few gaunt figures that stick on the American horizon. Composed and aloof as he was he made but a poor journalist; he could not work himself into a frenzy over petty squabbles of the day, since he had come in contact with too much reality. "The laziest fellow who ever undertook to edit a city paper," said the senior proprietor of the *Daily Aurora*. Yet despite this poise his editorials wept with the familiar banalities. He was too unschooled to know how hackneyed for all time was his enthusiasm for the present and his serene faith in the future. He missed, too, the fire of the immortal classics, and thought Shakespeare belonged to "the buried past." He did not know that such a piece of work as "Hamlet" lives because it deals with constant materials, nor that Chaucer is after all a contemporary because the streets to-day are filled with squires, monks, prioresses, clerks, wives of Bathe, and millers. But he was untamed, courageous, observant, honest—rare qualities. "Well, he looks like a *man!*" Lincoln remarked on seeing him across the street. Blood surged through his veins while those of most American writers of his time "flowed with ink and ice-water."

J. BROOKS ATKINSON.

IN DUBLIN NOW.

OUTWARDLY the tides of Dublin life flow much as they have always done. Grafton Street of afternoons is as thronged as in pre-war days with shoppers and loungers, crowds besiege the picture houses, unarmed police regulate the traffic, unarmed soldiers, with girls on their arms, promenade College Green as unconcernedly as if the Irish front were a newspaper invention. No visitor, however short his stay, is likely, it is true, to escape the sight of lorries packed with troops in steel helmets rumbling through the streets, or of the swiftly careering Crossley tenders, perched on which Black and Tans, fingers on the triggers of their automatics, rake the passers-by with watchful eyes. But, except for nine o'clock curfew, a stranger, properly shepherded, might see little or nothing that would lead him to believe that the situation is worse than it was a year ago.

To Dubliners, however, the difference is startling. Little things sometimes bring it home more vividly than sensations that win double-column headlines in the evening papers. One evening recently I was passing along Camden Street, a great popular shopping centre, when a man near me gave a strangled shriek and dropped in some kind of fit. The people close by ran to help, but when I looked up hundreds of people were stampeding wildly to cover. Nerves, of course. Yet there was some excuse for nerves. The windows of the shop into which the unfortunate man was carried were pierced with half-a-dozen bullet holes, the result of a volley fired a few evenings before after an attempt to bomb a military lorry. Dubliners may be jumpy, but they manage at critical junctures to adjust themselves to the situation with less fuss than one would imagine. I learned this another night on a tram which stopped suddenly with an ominous jerk. No one knew what was happening, but amidst confused and threatening shouts outside a cry was suddenly heard. "They're going to fire." Instead of the shrieks that might have been expected, every man and woman in the car flopped from their seats without a word flat on the floor. Fortunately it was a false alarm. Soldiers had halted the car merely to search the passengers. I told the incident afterwards to a business man, but instead of being impressed he was critical. "You know," he said seriously, "this lying down trick isn't much good. One of my clerks who was caught in the

Terenure ambush, flung himself on the footpath. Next minute every soldier in the lorry concentrated fire on him, thinking that he was potting at them. The trouble is to know what to do." In Dublin people have learned to take it for granted that they may be fired on at any moment, and their chief concern is, as my friend put it, "to know what to do."

The hours between dusk and curfew are the most dangerous, but the day is not without its perils. At any moment one may find at one's elbow a punctiliously polite agent in mufti who murmurs an invitation to accompany him to the Castle. Should there be any hesitation the butt of a revolver is promptly produced as a warrant. In the Castle Yard papers are demanded, and, with an assurance that these will be examined as speedily as possible, the secret service officer disappears. Most of those who are called upon to undergo this ordeal are well aware of its real meaning. They know that the examination of papers is an excuse, and that posted behind the windows overlooking the Yard are dozens of people who were witnesses of murders, or who profess to be able to identify members of the "murder-gang." Remembering some of the evidence of identification at recent courts martial, the stoutest loyalist breathes a sigh of relief when the officer returns his papers with apologies and informs him that he is free to depart.

The most innocent behaviour may bring the unwary into the net. A well-known Government official had an appointment with his wife in the centre of the city. She happened to be late, and as he stood looking into a shop window he heard a peremptory voice in his ear: "Walk in front of me, and turn into the second street on the right. Don't attempt to run. You are covered from the other side of the footpath." With a thumping heart the official obeyed. Half-way down the second street—a narrow unfringed lane—he was ordered to halt, and turning round saw in addition to the first man three others, each with his right hand in his jacket pocket, a pose which has only one meaning in Dublin nowadays. The official was searched for arms, and then told he would be taken to the Castle for violating the military order against loitering in the streets. Luckily for him, he was able to produce a document which showed that he was in the Government service. After scrutinizing this his captors agreed that it was not necessary to detain him. As he was turning back, the man who had stopped him said: "If I were you I shouldn't go that way. It's pretty certain some of the other side saw you being taken here. They'll probably think, if you go back now, that you gave us information." Needless to say the advice was taken. It is a pleasant prospect for the average man that to be held up by one side and escape arrest is equivalent in the eyes of the others to a declaration of hostility.

Curfew, which was fixed first at midnight, and then two hours earlier, is now at nine o'clock. And long before the official time the streets are clear of all save those who have no objection to taking risks. The majority of the old and even the middle-aged rarely venture abroad after nightfall, unless urgent business compels. Not, indeed, that they are much safer at home. There is scarcely a street in Dublin where the inhabitants have not been roused in the small hours by the hammering of rifle butts on door panels, and peering cautiously have caught a glimpse in the glare of the searchlights of friends and neighbours carried off as prisoners. However strictly a man may have kept the letter and the spirit of the law, he has no guarantee that any night he may not be seized in bed, hustled into jail, and, unless he has friends at court, held for weeks as a suspect. Not so long ago the house of an ex-officer was raided in error. The Black and Tans routed out an old bayonet brought home as a war souvenir. Refusing to listen to explanations, the owner was put half-dressed into a tender, driven round as a hostage for four or five hours on a bitterly cold night, and only escaped imprisonment through the intervention of an officer who knew him. If this is the treatment meted out to ex-officers, it is not

difficult to imagine what professed Republicans may expect.

There are thrills for the civilian who sits at home once curfew comes. There are still more intense thrills for the unlucky civilian who has to be abroad. That the number of such adventures is steadily diminishing need not be wondered at. Even three months ago shots at night were still a sensation; now nothing short of a volley at close quarters provokes surprise. Not all these shots are discharged at human targets. A good many rifles go off by accident in the hands of boy soldiers, and nervous patrols approaching a dark patch often fire a few rounds to keep up their hearts. Apparently, there are either no penalties for wasting ammunition or any explanation is accepted by those in authority. An armoured car pulled up the other night outside a Dublin police station. An officer and sergeant entered to make inquiries, and stayed so long that the rest of the crew began to grumble. "I'll fetch 'em out all right," said one of the men; and raising his revolver he fired three shots in the air. The policeman who related the incident told it as an excellent joke. Judging by experience, curfew patrols are usually composed of the rawest of raw recruits, who look more like schoolboys than soldiers. One bright youth, through sheer clumsiness, ripped from tail to collar with his fixed bayonet the water-proof of a journalist whose permit was being examined. To an indignant remonstrance his officer replied: "If you knew this private you'd think yourself damned lucky you weren't shot."

Curfew patrols may be unpleasant to encounter, but they are angels of light compared with the unofficial people who, armed with pistols, prowl about at their own sweet will during prohibited hours. Dublin is full of late of these mystery men, tales which I flatly disbelieved until I ran into a gang myself. It was exactly like an episode in a film play. Walking along a quiet street well after midnight I saw four figures in the distance. There was the usual shout: "Halt, hands up." I stopped dead, and two crossed the street towards me, the others heading straight along to cut off my line of retreat. All were in mufti and carried revolvers in their hands. This was disconcerting enough, but as the first pair stepped into the light of a street lamp I saw that they had dark-coloured handkerchiefs wound about their faces, leaving only their eyes exposed. Before I had time to think I was gripped by each arm and swung roughly round towards the lamp behind me, with two revolvers at my head. Having scanned my features closely I was asked what I meant by being on the streets at that hour. I explained that I had a permit. The leader, a tall man who, if not a British officer, mimicked one exceedingly well, ordered me to produce it and put me through all the regular curfew questions. He handed the paper back, and after a pause one of his companions, digging the barrel of a revolver into my ribs, said: "Beat it now; run like blazes." "Shot attempting to escape" was the formula that flashed into my mind as I turned away. I didn't run; but all the way down the street I kept edging close to the wall, expecting every second to get a bullet in the back. Fortunately for me my friends were out for loot, not blood. The next day I learned that the proprietor of a shop close to where I was stopped had been routed out of bed by masked men who, under pretence of a search for arms, demanded his keys, cleaned out his safe, and departed.

My second encounter, if less spectacular, was more unnerving. I had reached my own door, and as I turned the key was congratulating myself on a safe passage when a figure lurched out of the shadows, shouting, "Put 'em up, and come down." At the gate I met a man in plain clothes, his cap pulled over his eyes and the inevitable automatic in his hand. "Where's the other fellow?" he said thickly. "What other fellow?" I asked. "Don't try that on," came the reply, "the fellow you've just let into the house." It is never an easy job to tell a complete stranger that good liquor has made him see double. The task becomes still more difficult when the

stranger holds a pistol a couple of inches from one's waistcoat, and one's mind is running on the possibility of an unsteady finger pressing by accident too heavily on the trigger. I tried to be persuasive. He made up for incoherence by vehemence. Between us we managed to rouse half the street. As windows opened the automatic would be waved towards them threateningly and then come back with a jerk to my waistcoat. The storm died down as suddenly as it had risen. He descended to examine my permit, and professed not merely satisfaction but overflowing good will. "I hope you're not annoyed, old man," he said. "We have our duty to do, and, by God, we're going to do it." I wasn't annoyed. I was registering a vow that while duty was being done in this fashion I would make it my duty to keep inside four walls during curfew hours.

X.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: V.

ZANZIBAR. February, 1921.

My dear Eusebius, this island is preposterous. It is much too like the illustrations in boys' adventure-stories. Palm trees, banana trees, mango trees, clove plantations. Swahilis in their long white gowns and white lace caps, Indian traders, donkeys, a Sultan (the last to be allowed by the British Government), cowrie shells, conch shells, coral reefs, bread fruit, the plumpest cattle—O! it is all absurdly prosperous. America is here with her two fearful engines of conquest, the Ford motor-car and the Singer sewing machine. In the one I went from end to end of the island, and the other I saw in use in village after village, always being worked by men, for here the women are hideous and inferior. They work in the fields and carry burdens, and a Swahili travelling will rather walk with his donkey than with his woman. She has to follow carrying his baby on her haunches, his luggage on her head. The difference between the man and the woman is startling: he is tall, proud, brave of carriage, ruminant; she is ugly, squat, cunning, worn-out, existing only for labour. These are the country people.

In the town are Arabs, Indians, Parsees, Cingalese, Portuguese, Goanese; a poor, gasping little town dazed by the terrible respectability that has been thrust upon it since the British built a cathedral on the site of the slave-market, and deposed the wicked Sultan who had a hundred wives and a place of execution which was a scene of constant activity. Zanzibar will expire of virtue for it is designed for wickedness since it is contrary to human nature to acquiesce in idyllic perfection. Every extreme must seek contact with its opposite, and it would seem to be part of the function of human nature to supply extreme beauty with extreme ugliness. It was so in Zanzibar where the Sultan trading in black men from the mainland, dreamed of an Empire that should run from the Madagascar sea to the Atlantic. Cecil Rhodes, who traded in black men at Kimberley and elsewhere, dreamed of an Empire that should run from Capetown to Cairo—and Zanzibar as a Power is no more. The island will probably be absorbed into the State that will grow about the great lakes and the railways built by the British and the Germans from the coast to the highlands. It is a pity.

Here is Zanzibar becoming as respectable as Brooklyn and there is talk of Monte Carlo becoming the port of Switzerland. Is the world to be denuded of picturesque villainy? Are we all, black, brown, yellow, chocolate, to live in neat little houses with Ford cars and sewing machines, an hour or so away from a shopping centre? If so, then I am wandering about the world only just in time, for it will not be long before it will be impossible to find a change of conditions and habits anywhere. Then whoever says Zanzibar will mean no more than whoever says Hoboken, and both will mean only rent and the price of food and clothes. Now to the Arabs Zanzibar, as Hoboken to the original Americans (if there were any), meant the world and all that therein is and a great deal more besides: it was a point in the universe to which in time all things must come, as indeed they have, though the original Zanzibari could not have foreseen the Singer

sewing machine or the English, American, or German commercial traveller wanting cloves and destroying character to get them. When the Arabs said Zanzibar they meant a place which should be as splendid as they in their generation could make it. When your commercial traveller says Zanzibar he means so much per cent commission, drinks at the club and such other pleasures as a town of mixed races can provide. When your Indian says Zanzibar he means the port of call between Bombay and that East Coast of Africa to which he goes to make money, and there is the last importance which is left to Imperial Zanzibar: it is the meeting-place of Africa and India, between which there is a going to and fro of cheap, circumambient labour as regular as that between Italy and America; so that, while Zanzibar is dressed up as a curiosity for tourists, it manages to preserve a freshness of life which may ripen into something individual in the commercial splendour that is long overdue if the activities of the nineteenth century are to justify themselves.

As far as things have gone, however, it is clearly better for one Sultan to have one hundred wives and many executions than for every village to have its sewing machine: that is, if quality, as I think, is more desirable than quantity. The sewing machines may provide a restful interlude, but they can do no more. The stream that will restore Zanzibar, if it is worth restoring, must come from India, from which human beings are exported to the distraction of those white people who have gone to a hot country like British East Africa in the hope of earning an easy living. Indians, they say, are good for lawyers but for no one else, and yet, without the Indians, there could not be any British East Africa at all. Imperialists are unreasonable beings. Empire-building is not done by some peculiar magic in the race with a large credit at the bank, but by hard work and you have to take your work where you can find it, in this instance among the Indians. It is the fashion among the white East Africans to pretend that the Indians are all liars, thieves and pimps. I do not know what the Indians say about the white East Africans though Indians everywhere are saying a great deal just now, but the British East African Indians have drawn up a vast manifesto as to their grievances, just at the moment when the Bishop of Zanzibar is stirring up trouble by defending the natives against the feudal designs of the landowners.

There is something wrong somewhere, and I fancy my observations in Port Said and Aden, and on ship-board provide a clue. There were two regiments passing through Port Said, two troop-ships calling at Aden; and the class of man holding commissions in the British army would be offensive anywhere out of the suburbs of London, Manchester, Birmingham. A certain type of British officer is so charming that it must be almost a pleasure, if you are an Indian or a Swahili, to be bullied by his self-assurance and rattled by his stupidity: he has tact, manners, carelessness: but that type was bred out of a small class in England and that class has lost its ascendancy. Now an Indian who has endured stupidity tempered by good manners will go as mad as political Indians do in New York if he is subjected to a tyranny administered with vile manners and the taste of Ealing or Edgbaston. An empire-builder is just tolerable if he is a gentleman, partly because he is so delightfully funny, but a cad lording it over a dominated race is unspeakably and grimly tragic, blind to his own inadequacy, to the consequences of his mistakes, to the suffering that would make the blood start from his eyes, if he had any.

These things are not and can not be known in England where a population of forty million finds itself saddled with the responsibilities of ten times that number of lives and without the ability to produce in sufficient quantity the type of man who can at least make a show of facing them. It can not always have been so; fifty, twenty, ten years ago such regiments and such officers could not have stayed in India a month, and now they can not but heap trouble upon trouble. Possibly the old gentlemen in Whitehall imagine that nothing is altered: it is

almost certain that they believe the British Empire to have been built up by red tape and office-machinery, and only when their red tape is cut and their machinery broken will they find out their mistake, though it is only too likely that they will be dead before that time comes, leaving their blunders to their heirs and assigns for ever. Meanwhile the Indians are making Kenya and Tanganyika and Uganda, and Zanzibar is their clearing house, so that the Indian problem is no more confined to India than the Irish is to Ireland. Indeed, where justice is concerned there can be no confinement within boundaries of any kind, for justice can be arrived at only in public and in the sight of all men.

These are warm words for so casual a traveller as myself, one who travels to avoid political problems in order to concentrate on aesthetics, but where is there greater beauty than is to be found in the contemplation of justice, involving as it does both truth and liberty? One may travel the world over, see all that it has to show, and yet return, as I shall return, with the same desire to see further and yet further into those beauties which are known not of the senses but of the spirit through the human conscience. Those are the realms for travelling and, O America, I would gladly give you my Sultan of Zanzibar for your sewing machines if the exchange will but open up the way to that reality which is more romantic than romance.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

ONCE upon a time, three men sat talking together in a restaurant somewhere in the backwaters of a great city: one was a Hindoo, one a European, and one an American. Towards the end of the meal the American became acutely uncomfortable, for he had discovered that he had maculated his office as host by unwittingly inflicting a religious insult upon his Indian guest. With no thought but for the culinary capacities of the restaurant, he had selected for his own consumption an order of roast beef and had finished the greater part of a generous, juicy cut, before the Hindoo, discussing the relations of the Mohammedans and the Hindoos, had explained that the thing which especially maddened the aboriginal inhabitants of the Indian peninsula was the Mohammedan's abominable practice of eating the flesh of the cow. The remaining scraps of beef on his plate might have been minced straw as far as the American's palate was concerned. He felt himself to be no better than a boor and a barbarian: he had eaten—nay! he had even enjoyed—the Sacred Cow.

THUS suddenly it dawned upon him that the Sacred Cow, after all, was no joke! Here, breaking bread with him, was a quick-minded little man, blessed with a university education, who actually believed in the Sacred Cow and who actually loathed people who did violence to the Sacred Cow. The realization of that fact told the American something about India which he had never troubled to find in books: it opened the shutters of his imagination and threw a cruel, hard light upon a dozen questions of political organization. A world in which people worshipped the Sacred Cow was not likely to be united immediately by the aeroplane and the radio-telegraph. Indeed, he asked himself, what sort of intercourse was possible between people who venerated an ungulate and communities that drank beef-tea at all hours or boasted the Chicago stockyards?

PRESENTLY the little Hindoo was explaining the endurance of the British raj. He pointed out that, outside the intelligentsia of India, there was a good deal of affection for the British raj. The ignorant peasant still looks upon the government as a wise parent, in much the same fashion that the Russian *muzhik* was supposed to look upon the Tsar in the olden days. At the close of India's mediæval period there had apparently been an era of cor-

ruption and violence, the memory of which had been transmitted in popular sayings from father to son, so that when the tradition of that period was compared with the manifest law and order which proceeded in recent times from the Viceroy's palace by administrative regulation, police-court justice, and armed soldiery, the advantage was all on the side of the present regime. "The ryot," the Hindoo declared, "says that he might carry a bag of gold from Delhi to Madras without being attacked or robbed. That is very true. What he forgets is that he has no bag of gold to carry. The money we have to pay for the upkeep of the police and the army to protect us leaves us with nothing to protect. For whose benefit is it?"

"WHY do the English pretend to give us Home Rule?" he continued, a little passionately. "It is only camouflage. Before the war the British Government didn't say anything about Home Rule: it talked only about good government: it said that Indians should be satisfied when they enjoyed good government. That was all very well: it showed that they intended to keep hold of our land for their own benefit. We can understand that, and if such are Great Britain's intentions we can understand Amritsar, too. But now they say we are to prepare ourselves for self-government, and yet no Indian student is allowed to vote until he is ten years out of the university, and no Indian school-teacher is allowed to attend political meetings; and if he openly resents these restrictions he is put on the black list. That is what is being done to-day under the enlightened regime of Mr. Lloyd George's Secretary for India. *For whose benefit is it?*"

At this point the American and the European took turns in explaining to the Hindoo the nature of political government, as they understood it. They pointed out, with striking unanimity, that it was not merely in India that government existed for the benefit of vested interests and privileges. The home rule that the Indians longed for was only a piece of obsolete political machinery which had been tried in many climes and seasons during the past century and found wanting. What was needed, they said, was direct representation of interests and direct action through voluntary groups. If the people of India were denied the much-lauded blessings of parliamentary government they might congratulate themselves upon having escaped a very costly bit of educative disillusionment. The Parliament sitting at Westminster, they assured their Hindoo friend, had as much relation to government as the Electoral College in America had to the election of the President: its sole effective function was to put the Ministry in power. The actual work was done by the Ministry, the bureaucracy, and the economic groups that were in constant and intimate touch with the bureaucracy. The problem was to make these economic groups responsible, and to incorporate with them a great many other groups that were left out in the surreptitious control which was now being exercised. Political government, under the nominal control of constituencies, was disappearing in fact and would eventually disappear in form.

THE Hindoo was not a little bewildered by the Westerners' scepticism of their proud institutions. Where he had seen mountains to climb these Westerners had contemptuously kicked their boots through molehills. He had accustomed himself to the genial notion of controlling political government by more political government, and while he had been painfully disappointed at the reluctance of the institution with which he was best acquainted to turn its time-honoured functions over to the native population, he still respected to a large degree the functions themselves; also he thought of the immediate, personal difficulties in making such a political programme known. "See," he explained pathetically, "if I talked as freely in India, even among my business associates, as I am talking here to-night, I should promptly find myself on the Government's black list."

As the evening drew on, a lull came into the conversation, and the three men centred their gaze on the ashtray between them, in a mood of clouded moroseness. The American was the first to brighten. "It is a pretty black world," he said in a tone of suppressed cheerfulness, "but a century ago we could never have met in this city and talked about it"—and a century hence it may be possible to write a little story like this without leaving the personal details so vague as to confound the official gentlemen who *visé* passports and whose business it is to see to it that meetings of this kind do not occur too often, or on too large a scale. As I said before, this discussion happened once upon a time; and it took place between three men, a Hindoo, a European, and an American.

JOURNEYMAN.

MUSIC.

HARMONIC DEVELOPMENT IN MUSIC.

III

IN a well-known passage in his autobiography John Stuart Mill confesses to a sense of depression at the thought that the possible combinations of musical sounds in our scale are so limited that they must soon be exhausted, after which music must necessarily be but a repetition of what had gone before. The conservative choir masters, monks and critics of all ages have found in the same apparent limitations a cause for satisfaction, and have strenuously resisted every attempt to overstep them. Music has ever tended to harden into a kind of theology of its own, yet has constantly evolved and even suffered revolution at the hands of heretics and Adullamites.

Harmonic progress (and this is but one of several phases through which music may grow and broaden) may be expected to follow at least three general lines. These are:

1. The use of new overtones, as has been suggested in the preceding discussion.

2. Tone clusters—a convenient term to indicate two or more minor seconds in juxtaposition, struck simultaneously and used as a unit.

3. Polyharmony, or the simultaneous employment of different chords instead of single tones as harmonic units.

There is an indefinite series of overtones or partials, all of which sound when a single tone is sounded, and which are represented on the piano by the vibrations of any single string, the whole string yielding, let us say, the tone of middle C, each half vibrating twice as fast and yielding the octave above middle C, each third vibrating three times as fast and yielding the G above the octave and so on. The interval between each partial and its successor necessarily diminishes until that between the sixteenth and seventeenth partials (counting the whole tone as the first partial) is less than the smallest interval in our scale—less, that is to say, than a half step. The minor second, or the interval between a given tone and the tone a half step above, is the smallest harmonic unit that can be used with our scale.

The next step would be of necessity the addition of the interval suggested by the distance between the sixteenth and seventeenth partials, and there is no reason to doubt that this step, which is quite in the historic line of musical growth, will eventually be taken. This interval, erroneously described as a third or quarter tone, is used in the Arabian scale, in which the octave is divided into seventeen equal steps, and that it is readily perceived by the

ear is shown by the fact that it is the interval generally hit upon by musicians who endeavour to make use of the quarter step. It can be easily played upon stringed instruments, especially upon the 'cello. The richness and variety that this addition alone might give our music is more easily imagined than described. Nor need this be the final interval to be added to the scale. The limit is fixed only by the delicacy of our hearing and the flexibility of our tastes.

It will be natural to use the new interval somewhat tentatively at first, and no doubt its original employment, together with the use of the large number of new harmonies that will become possible through the combination of this with other tones, will be in passing from one accepted harmony to another, by means of a chromatic passing tone between the half-steps.¹ In this way our ears will become accustomed to it and like other harmonies which have come into use those formed on the new tone will finally be used unresolved.

The purely technical difficulties in the adoption of a new interval will be plain to anyone who considers the matter for a moment. We should be compelled to expand the piano key-board to about double its present length, or to introduce some system of double-decking similar to (though more complex than) that already in use on the organ. This mechanical difficulty would be lacking on the stringed instruments and in vocal music, but even here a new system of musical notation and a new technique would be essential. Such obstacles can not permanently hold back progress in this direction, but they are certain to dam it up for a time. Musical development will follow the paths of least resistance.

One of these paths leads to what we have called, for convenience, tone clusters. The tone cluster is simply a group of two or more minor seconds; that is, it is a cluster of three or more tones, each a half step from its neighbour, sounded simultaneously. If we drop a book flat on the piano keys we may achieve a tone cluster, although, not forming part of a musical structure, the result will be nothing but noise. The cluster obviously differs from any other musical chord in being incapable of internal movement, for there is no room in which to shift or add to any of the component tones. One of the characteristic qualities of harmony is this very shifting of tones within fixed limits. The tone cluster, consisting of two or more minor seconds in juxtaposition, thus differs from any other harmony. Psychologically it is a unit, although really a group of chromatic tones. The only movement of which it is capable is movement up and down the scale, as in a melody, or an expanding or contracting movement in which the outer limits vary.

An unstudied and incidental use of combinations which might be said to be tone clusters may be found in the work of such modernists as Ornstein. Ornstein has, for instance, used such groupings as C-C sharp-D-D-sharp, but only as part of a complicated chord. Neither he nor any other of the the tone cluster. Experiment shows that clusters as a melodic or harmonic unit. We may say, accordingly, that it is a new musical medium. It is by no means difficult to comprehend (still using the piano key-board as a handy means of visualizing the principles involved) the possible uses of

the tone cluster. Experiment shows that clusters of which the outside limits form a consonant interval are more pleasing than those which form a dissonant interval. A cluster of twelve semi-tones, the outside notes of which are an octave apart, seems less dissonant than one of two semi-tones the outside notes of which are a major second apart; and the ear seems readily to recognize consonance in clusters formed by filling in the fifth, fourth, third, and other very consonant intervals. The reader may easily determine this for himself by trying the effect, first, let us say, of filling in all the black and white notes between C and B and then of filling in those between C and G; or he may note the difference between two adjacent semi-tones played at once and twelve played at once.

The significance of the tone cluster, like that of the single tone, is to be found in its possibility of combinations with other tone clusters, or with other tones. In general, all that can be done with single tones can also be done with tone clusters. We may take a simple melody and parallel it with a series of tone clusters of which the lowest or highest notes shall carry the original theme. We may accompany a melody with tone clusters. We may combine tone clusters with tone clusters. We may produce a harmony in tone clusters, or a counterpoint of tone clusters.

A given cluster may be varied in a number of ways. Movement up and down the scale may be secured by leaving off notes at one end and adding an equal number at the other end. A cluster may be expanded by adding the same number of notes simultaneously at both ends, or by adding a different number of notes simultaneously at both ends. In the latter case, obviously, the nature of the cluster would change, since its outer limits would change; and something like counterpoint would result, each outer note making a path or melody of its own. A cluster may be built up by filling in the interval between two or more smaller clusters, and in the same way a large cluster may be broken up. In the use of two or more clusters at once one cluster may remain stationary, while another moves; one may expand and contract, while another preserves its original limits; or the movements, contractions and expansions may vary in speed and extent.

All this is sufficiently complicated when put into words and sufficiently simple when translated into terms of the black and white keys of a piano. Enough has been accomplished, perhaps, if it has been made clear that the tone cluster is an elastic medium, capable of producing a great number of absolutely new musical effects, and is therefore the potential parent of a wide and varied musical literature.

The acceptability of the tone cluster depends, of course, upon its appeal to the ear. Considered as a series of dissonances, a composition built upon tone clusters might at first thought appear totally unmusical, but experiment shows that it is not, in fact, difficult to perceive structure in such a composition. In considering the nature of dissonance in tone clusters it might be borne in mind that the dissonance of the semi-tones forming the clusters is not felt if the cluster be considered as a unit, real dissonance being obtained only when the outer limits of the cluster form a dissonance. Structure, the principal element of the musical art, indeed of all art, is just as readily found in a composition of

¹ Thus (calling the new interval, for convenience, $\frac{3}{4}$) C $\frac{3}{4}$ sharp would resolve to C sharp, D $\frac{3}{4}$ flat to C.

tone clusters as in one of single tones and consonant chords. The ear quickly learns to test tone clusters, as it tests the single tones and accompanying chords of a melody, by their progress up and down the scale and by their relations to one another.

Polyharmony develops even more naturally out of the accepted musical material than does the tone cluster. Just as harmony grows out of the series of overtones produced by a single tone, polyharmony is produced by the combination of the overtones of at least two different tones. Each single tone, it must be noted, produces not only the single overtone series, but each overtone sets in motion a series of overtones of its own and so on infinitely. That this must be so is evident from a consideration of what happens when a tone is sounded, let us say, on a piano. The first overtone—or second partial—is formed by each half of the string vibrating at twice the speed of the main string and independently of the main string. Each half, acting in all respects as an independent string, sets in motion its own series of overtones, and so does each successive fraction of the string as it divides into smaller and smaller units vibrating at greater and greater speeds. Let us take the common chord of C, C-E-G. If the three tones are sounded simultaneously the three series of overtones develop at the same time, each overtone starting a new series that branches off from the main series, and so we have a series of overtone chords based upon the original common chord, C-E-G. The third partial, or interval of a fifth, would be represented by the chord G-B-D; the fifth, or interval of a third, by E-G sharp-B, and so on, the intervals between the tones remaining exactly the same, but the interval between each original tone and each successive overtone diminishing. The chord C-E-G, however disguised in the overtone series, would retain its substantial identity.

But it is possible to play simultaneously a chord formed on C, another chord formed on E, and a third formed on G. If this is done the overtones of the three chords, which are really heard as units, will bear throughout a relation corresponding to the relations of the tones C-E-G. The combination of these chords produces what may be called a polychord, or polyharmony. Each consonant combination of single tones has its counterpart in a combination of chords formed upon those tones. In making use of them we are simply exploiting still further the infinite riches of the overtones from which harmony has already been evolved. As every tone may be made the basis of two chords, a major and a minor, and as we may use not only the overtone series but the undertone series, which, though unheard, furnishes a mathematical basis for a curve corresponding to that of the overtones, the diversity of the material available is apparent.

The similarity of the processes of harmony to those of polyharmony is very close. We have grown so accustomed to simple harmonies, like that of the common chord, that we hear them as a unit, instead of several tones. Likewise a single tone, which owes its richness to its content of overtones, may be regarded, in conjunction with these overtones, as a chord. The boundary between a single tone and a chord is not, in short, acoustically distinct; they overlap and shade into one another.

If chords are regarded as units, in the same way in which we have just been regarding tone clusters,

it at once appears that they, too, may be employed as single notes have been. Some limited use of that which might really be called polyharmony has already been made, although by rule of thumb, with no conception of the underlying principles. Pedal point, in which a chord may be held in the bass while the treble performs independently, is such an approach to polyharmony, and pedal point, elaborated by Beethoven, was in use long before his time. But polyharmony soon outruns the capacities of the piano, at least of the solo piano, and for its development we must look to the orchestra, to which it is admirably suited.

Viewed as a single harmony, there is no polychord which does not form a dissonance. The reason for this is easily understood if it is remembered that what our ears regard as consonance is a simple ratio between the rate of vibrations of notes sounded simultaneously, and that what we regard as dissonance is merely a more complex ratio. In sounding a series of overtones, each with its branching series of overtones, as we do in polyharmony, we inevitably introduce a series of ratios more complex than any now commonly in use in music—so complex that they can not at present be thought of as consonances.

The tone cluster, as has been seen, is more acceptable to the ear if its outer limits form a consonant interval. Similarly, the polyharmonic chord, or polychord, is more acceptable if it is based on a consonant interval. A polychord based on C-G would be the most easily understood of any, one based on the minor second C-D flat would prove the least comprehensible. Another element also enters into the employment of polychords. If they overlap one another, or are not widely enough spaced, they are heard only as a confusion of sound. To be heard as units they must be separated by a considerable interval. This is easily possible with the orchestra.

Let us again imagine a simple composition, made up of a melody and a consonant accompaniment. We have seen that the structure of such a composition could be copied, by way of variation, in tone clusters. Similarly, it could be copied in polyharmonic chords. Any musical form adapted to single tones may also be used in compositions employing the tone cluster and the polychord. We may have polyharmonic counterpoint and tone cluster counterpoint. We may relate our tone clusters and polychords in all the ways in which we relate single tones, and musical development may take them through all the harmonic stages from the simplest down to the most complex.

Once the possibilities of musical progress are thoughtfully examined other avenues than those that have been mentioned appear to open out. Time, meter and *tempo*, for instance, are all capable of variations far beyond the accepted practice, as a simple mathematical analysis will show. The common factor of music is vibration, into which tone as well as time, meter and *tempo* may all be resolved, and from which there emerges a vast number of possible combinations and recombinations. These potentialities are beyond the scope of this discussion. Music, far from being subject to the limits dreaded by John Stuart Mill, still contains its undiscovered continents. As an art and as a science the work of exploration has just begun; and this, for a jaded world, is perhaps a sufficient moral.

HENRY COWELL and ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

AN AFFIRMATION AGAINST WAR-MAKERS.

SIRS: The English "Affirmation Against War" published in the correspondence columns of your issue of 16 March, is a most interesting document, both for what it contains and what it omits. Its declaration against all war, including civil war, seems not greatly to have affected the military Government of Great Britain (and Ireland) or to have halted its civil wars in Ireland, India, or Egypt, a fact which leads one to wonder whether an "Affirmation Against Government"—government which exists to make "offensive, defensive, international and civil war"—would not prove to be a more effectual way of eradicating modern slaughter on the grand scale.

After all, what does this "affirmation" mean?

I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war-loans, or using my labour for the purpose of setting others free for war-service.

Does it not mean that the affirmers will meet the next war as some of them met the last, with passive resistance? They will refuse to fight. They have set their teeth for the ordeal. But who cares now what they may affirm? Who cares now whether they will subscribe to war-loans to-morrow so long as they consent to pay their taxes to-day?

The affirmation is just that and nothing more—an affirmation. It seeks to build up no power with which to oppose the scripting power—the Government.

There is an organization in this country known as the World War Objectors which has no illusions about stopping war by individual affirmations or pledges. It believes that some power must be built up which will consistently oppose the men who crack the whips. The *Freeman* may think that the application of the principle of "grievance before supply" is the power to be used. But I am one who thinks that in the sense in which you use that phrase the power of that idea died a century ago.

In writing this I do not mean to undervalue the intentions of the signers of the English "Affirmation," nor do I forget the sacrifices some of them have already made; but it is a question not of making sacrifices, but of getting results. I am, etc.,

F. G. W.

MR. COLBY, POUR RIRE.

SIRS: It is, perhaps, unkind to injure the chances of Mr. Colby (of Messrs. Wilson & Colby, the well-known firm of international lawyers) of securing clients by recalling the bad breaks which he made as Secretary of State; but I can not resist the temptation to supplement Mr. Bradley's letter, printed in your issue of 23 February, with some additional information about the reception accorded in Soviet Russia to Mr. Colby's propaganda note of last August. The Petrograd *Pravda* of 22 August, according to Mr. Bradley, printed an abridged version of the communication, but on 8 September the Moscow *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government, printed the note in full, without any omissions, and with the neutral heading: "Soviet Russia and the United States." Certainly no statement of the Soviet Government was ever given such wide and ungarbled official publicity in this country. It will be remembered that inspired despatches from Washington consistently represented the note as a mighty and puissant weapon in the moral offensive against Bolshevism; and I suspect that Mr. Colby to this day believes that his rhetorical outburst turned the Red Army back from the gates of Warsaw.

On the day following the publication of Mr. Colby's note in the *Izvestia*, M. Steklov, the editor, printed a long reply under the picturesque title: "The Heroes of Honour and Decency, or, Whatever Cow May Moo, Yours Ought to be Silent." M. Steklov begins:

The world's literature has become enriched with productions of a new kind—diplomatic fiction. British statesmen, taking advantage of the holiday season and of a lull in international politics, because of the events on the Polish front, are devoting their spare time to this new form of literary creation. In this category belongs Mr. Balfour's latest note in regard to the faults of the Soviet system, to which Comrade Chicherin has replied with his usual humour. American statesmen do not lag behind the British. The poetic laurels of Mr. Balfour do not allow Mr. Bainbridge Colby, the American Minister of Foreign Affairs, to rest. Competing with England in the field of naval construction, America can not permit British superiority in the realm of literature, even though it be only diplomatic literature, and so, in reply to the inquiry of the Italian Premier, Signor Giolitti, about the attitude of the United States towards Soviet Russia, Mr. Colby bursts out with a fictional production which will make the guardians of Great Britain's seals and honour turn green with envy.

M. Steklov goes on to point out a certain factual inaccuracy in one of Mr. Colby's higher flights of fancy. He challenges the American Secretary of State to name a single responsible Soviet official who had ever declared that it was the settled policy of the Russian Government to break all treaties concluded with capitalistic powers. As far as I know, Mr. Colby has never responded to this challenge. The editor of *Izvestia* imparts a touch of humour to the conclusion of his reply:

The United States has broken the records in many fields. Now it is trying to break the record for diplomatic hypocrisy. . . . It is such a finished illustration of bourgeois bigotry and diplomatic falsehood for the sake of saving capitalism that it is impossible to become angered by it. The only thing to do is to laugh, and we are certain that those who had the patience to read Mr. Colby's rhetorical exercise through to the finish enjoyed a good many moments of amusement. In our gloomy age even this is a great service.

On the whole Mr. Colby seems to come off distinctly second best in his polemic with the Soviets. I am, etc.,
New York City.

A. C. FREEMAN.

INDIA'S ROAD TO FREEDOM.

SIRS: Mr. Gokhale is suffering from political myopia if he imagines that "a stronger opposing physical force" is the key to India's independence as he would appear to suggest in his letter in your issue of 30 March. In this view he runs counter even to Mr. Gandhi, the leader of the Non-Co-operation movement which is stirring India at present, for Mr. Gandhi is strongly opposed to physical violence in every shape and form. I only wish that Mr. Gandhi saw with equal clearness that many of those who acclaim him the saviour of India have, in truth, mental reservations on the subject of "physical force" while paying verbal allegiance to his ideals of passive resistance.

When Mr. Gokhale says that "all over India the people . . . are bitter against British rule" he is evidently overlooking the fact that the elections under the new Reform Act have been held and that the newly elected Councils, elected on a greatly extended franchise (the electorate in the new Councils is over six millions as compared with 33,000 in the previous Councils) are at work all over India. That bitterness exists there is no doubt whatever; that such bitterness is largely justified can not be gainsaid; but Mr. Gokhale and I differ in that I want to see the causes of bitterness removed (which, though I admit India's sovereign right to independence, I affirm can be better accomplished inside the British Commonwealth of Nations than outside it); whereas Mr. Gokhale appears to find release for his "complex" in writing of "the bloodshed and misery and hatred of a prolonged struggle." An analysis of such causes will discover more factors productive of bitterness than British Imperialism. In that vast congeries of peoples we call India, where we have (to use the words of Lord Morley) "a long slow march in uneven stages from all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth" the problem is not so simple as Mr. Gokhale would have your readers believe, and the solution is not brought nearer by an unsophisticated appeal to hatred and violence.

Mr. Gokhale refers to the adoption by the Indian National Congress of a definite revolutionary strategy, but he forgets to mention that the Congress has eliminated all the moderate elements heretofore represented in its ranks, together with all those who do not believe in the separation of India from the Empire, by the simple expedient of refusing to give a hearing to speakers who do not support the Non-Co-operation movement. This, unfortunately, is in keeping with the actions of some of Mr. Gandhi's followers in the recent elections who endeavoured (to quote from a letter by Mrs. Besant which appeared in *United India*, London, 30 December, 1920) "to terrorize the electors" and used "every kind of threat from assassination and physical injuries down to social boycott and financial ruin," in order to keep people from voting.

Mr. Gokhale writes of "the inevitable separation of the two countries" (England and India). He is a bold man who, in these days of transition, considers anything to be inevitable. But in Mr. Gokhale's case I do not see why, if he considers separation inevitable, he should cling to the belief that the English "will be forced to relinquish their hold only by a stronger opposing physical force." One almost begins to think that it is not so much independence that the advocates of forced separation desire as the opportunity to indulge their destructive propensities. It is here that I join issue with Mr. Gokhale. I believe that the self-isolation of India in her struggle for freedom would be a suicidal policy and that it is possible to gain by co-operation that which it is impossible to achieve by non-co-operation and by physical violence. On that issue we must agree to differ. I am, etc.,

New York City.

BASIL P. HOWELL.

BOOKS.

FOUNDATIONS OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

MANY historians have wondered why the Roman Empire ever ended. The increase of luxury, the gradual extinction of the old military and political families, the substitution of inefficient slave labour for the class of peasant-farmers in Italy, and the consequent growing dependence of the Western Empire on a foreign corn-supply, have all been suggested as causes. There are also economists who meditate on India's time-long habit of absorbing precious metals; and recently Mr. Arthur Balfour has postulated a feeling on the part of the governing nation that they were not able permanently to govern by Oriental methods—a feeling obscure but strong enough to supply the motive of decay. The problem is insoluble, and therefore worth discussion.

The question why beauty appears sporadically and never makes a fixed home anywhere is of equal interest, and has been raised just as often. Velleius Paterculus approaches it in a well-known passage, and the inadequate conclusion at which he arrives is that men of talent like to display their abilities in new ways, and accordingly turn to forms of art which have not been exploited by their predecessors. The idea seems to be that when all possible forms have thus been exhausted, art comes to an end; but the poser which the old man has not answered, though he certainly thinks he has, is why art ever begins, or why, when it has once stopped, it starts off again a few centuries later in a different place. Several students of Greek drama, though not Professor Norwood, adopt the same mental attitude as he. They do not seem to see that the spirit of renovation which, for some reason or other, sweeps over the world at certain periods is the vital factor in art, and the tragic mask, the buskins and the orchestra are merely its means of expression—they imply the belief that if we discarded grease-paint and foot-lights, and reconstructed the Shakespearean stage, with the tiring-room, the gallery, and our eminent bankers seated on stools with cigars in their mouths on either side of the actors, we should automatically generate Elizabethan drama. Democritus sought to discover the seat of melancholy by anatomical dissection. Similarly, these writers give the impression that they imagine themselves to have gone a long way towards explaining the riddle of Æschylus's genius when they tell us that Æschylus introduced a second actor and diminished the importance of the chorus.

At the same time, though the medium does not create the artist, and the discussion of technique is the less valuable part of criticism, it is obvious that the chisel reacts on the mason, and to understand the Greek dramatists we have to know the features and traditions of the Greek theatre. The individual playwright could, and did, modify them to a considerable extent; and things like the chorus and the mask would evidently have been discarded if there had been any wish to discard them: but the basic conventions formed the metal's mould; and however much we should like to ignore them, we can not. The reason why Christianity in our day does not prove a vital inspiration of poetry is not that we use relief nibs or dictaphones, but that Christianity has ceased to be startling to the majority of its votaries. The reason why India, on

the other hand, is said by some to be at last producing literature is, perhaps, that those very ideas which seem flat and platitudinous to the Western world strike young Indians as new and imperishable truths. In the same way, Greek tragedy is the result of a monsoon from the East, which brought art, science, philosophy and a new religion to an awakened people. The doctrines that man was akin to the gods, that Zeus and fate were one, that religious worship consisted not in ritual but in a state of mind, that guilt was the outcome of a divine curse from which man in the end could be freed, and the arch-dogma that Zeus was just; or again, the theory that the sun was a glowing ball, that man was master of the world, and that conventions and civilizations could be created at his will: these were the revelations that gave the Greek artist a content; and when they ceased to be revelations, there ceased to be a Greek art worth the trouble of criticizing. Yet we must admit that in order to understand a language it is necessary to learn its grammar, and in order to learn the meaning of Greek tragedy it is necessary to visualize the stones of the Greek theatre.

In his volume "Greek Tragedy,"¹ Professor Norwood gives an admirably clear and well-ordered exposition of the facts, together with a very perspicuous critical statement of the opinions of the best modern scholars. He is sceptical of Professor Ridgeway's theory that Greek drama was originally connected with the worship of the dead, that it became associated with the cult of Dionysus fairly late in its history, and that the chorus at first wore goatskins, not in reference to the half-bestial attendants traditionally assigned to Dionysus, but because goatskin coats were ordinarily worn by the Thessalian peasants. On the other hand, he accepts several of the late Dr. Verrall's brilliant suggestions.

The book gives some attractive renderings from the Greek, and it makes an ambitious attempt to correlate Greek with modern drama. The author's own æsthetic, as it is here expressed, is the æsthetic of the higher classicists.

Life [he says], does not become ugly because full of sin or pain. It can only become ugly by growing unintelligible. So long as it can be understood, it remains to man, whose joys are all founded upon perception, a thing that can be loved; this is the one and sufficient reason why tragic drama is beautiful.

Many readers would put a query against this assertion that life has to be intelligible in order to convey beauty. The same emphasis on intelligibility appears in another sentence. "Every work of art springs from a definite concept held by the artist, some piece of reality clearly understood and sincerely felt, insisting on expression at his hands precisely because it affects him emotionally." To take an example, this theory, if it is applied to all art, rules out some of what is usually considered Wordsworth's best work, including the line "we feel that we are greater than we know," in which, as elsewhere, the poet announces that he is dealing with an experience which neither is rationally communicable to the reader nor was ever rationally explicable to the poet himself. If, however, the theory is confined to the drama, it evidently has a fairly solid position; for the drama does not easily lend itself to those vaporous emotional effects which are the chief product of modern romantic lyrics.

¹ "Greek Tragedy." Gilbert Norwood. Boston: John W. Luce and Co.

Every student of the classics would agree that normally the three famous tragedians worked in accordance with Professor Norwood's theory; but Nietzscheans might say that the theory itself was insufficient, and in the end each came to recognize this. Some of the greatest scenes get their emotional force from the intellectual composure and supremacy of the author at the actual moment of the thunderstorm; and the fixed opinion of each was, no doubt, that the intellect must constantly illuminate the aesthetic search for beauty, just as Plato thought it must constantly illuminate the search for God. But the artist can not always restrict himself to a frosty comprehension of this kind; there must in the end be a surrender to something at which the emotions hint, but which is beyond the intellect's grasp. Cassandra in the "Agamemnon" is not a tortured mind foreseeing a future which it can not prevent, but a mind foreseeing a future which it can not understand. Similarly in the "Œdipus Coloneus" and the "Bacchæ," do we not possess the final admissions of the two later tragedians, that they have abandoned objectivity and the external scrutiny of life? The cool, irrational assent to the course of nature which forms the subject of the "Œdipus Coloneus," the stirrings of the unconscious mind with which Euripides deals in the "Hippolytus" and the "Bacchæ," and the delight in the mysteriousness of the universe which is felt beneath the horror of the "Agamemnon," give us some of the most splendid, and least Greek, passages in Greek literature.

H. O. LEE.

LOST LEADERS.

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* is a paper which catches things on the fly. It is never worried about consistency, but is well content to live in the present—preferably the last twenty-four hours—and ambitious, above all, to make it a lively day while it lasts. Its states of mind (or, as such a paper would doubtless say, its principles) have ranged from every extreme to every other; from the wild swash-buckling of the first month of the war to the abjectly "fed-up" condition of November 1918, corresponding roughly at every stage to the tenor of the last official *communiqué*. All this with such an agility and adroitness that whatever somersaults it has to turn and wherever it lands, this lively paper always finds itself on its feet, prepared to face unabashed the immediate present. "German Leaders of Yesterday and To-day"¹ by the political editor of the *Tageblatt* expresses the last phase—the mood of the tragic collapse of 1918. On almost every page it is evident that had these sketches been written in 1917, or even in March 1918, the treatment would have been totally different; the personalities that are here portrayed are always dominated by this consciousness of ultimate failure, and each character is developed so as finally to take part in the inevitable climax of tragedy. As portraits, these sketches are therefore not to be taken as history, yet because of this same transitory quality the book has a decided historical value. The portraits of the ex-Kaiser and General Ludendorff, for example, are in themselves no more than a mosaic of newspaper-headlines, but they are the newspaper-headlines of the period, and a revelation of the peculiar mentality of the period—its disillusionment, bitterness, and self-devouring resentment.

One striking characteristic of this *lendemain de révolution* mentality is that Herr Dombrowski portrays all of his figures as if they were dead and gone. This is itself a revealing hint of the present point of view of Germany toward herself. His touch is delicate, sure and precise; it has the precision of a surgeon. He begins

often by sympathetic apperceptions of character, by diagnosing the case, but when Herr Dombrowski has finished showing us how his characters are made up, there is nothing left of them. The effect of this is to give a foreign reader an impression which the author can hardly have intended, an impression that, however much certain foreign nations may hate Germans in the mass, Germans themselves can hate each other even more furiously.

In spite of the distortion brought about by its peculiar angle of vision, there is so much matter-of-fact information and so many illuminating side-lights of comment that the book has a very decided value for those who are interested in German affairs. Among other things it shows how much knowledge (or at least ready information) and how much downright literary skill goes into the making of European journalism. In the case of the volume under review the literary skill survives even a slap-dash and rickety translation. One might venture the reflection that no contemporary American journal could produce political sketches to compare with these in crispness of style, suppleness of method, and in the trick of facile allusion which brings in so easily and effectively a mass of biographical detail. One of the striking impressions of this book is the familiarity it assumes on the part of its newspaper-readers with the details of German political life during the past generation—to say nothing of the earlier background. An irresponsible bureaucracy seems to have been watched and checked up by the German public with a close attention which we Americans scorn to give to our own affairs, assuming as we do that free and democratic institutions can safely be left to run themselves.

T.

ALL, ALL HONOURABLE MEN.

You may explain "The Mirrors of Downing Street"¹ on the theory that no man was ever a hero to his valet, and that "the Gentleman with a Duster" is too close to his subjects to be quite just to them; or you may say that a prophet is without honour in his own country; or you may argue that to be really great a man must be not mortal but immortal, that is, beyond the reach of the slanderous tongue; or, finally, you may declare that this is an heroic age destitute of heroes. But whatever you may say, you will agree that none of these thirteen foremost men of the England of to-day or yesterday will live through the ages, if what the anonymous author of this book says about them is true. The "Gentleman with a Duster" shows himself in these thirteen sketches to be so free and intimate with his subjects, so clever in the dissection of their characters, so picturesque and incisive in the phrases with which he describes them, that he commands his reader's attention from first to last. He is, moreover, obviously free from personal and political rancour and does not write to please any particular section of the public. The result is that he gives us that uncommon thing, a piece of journalism that comes very near to literature.

Of all the men reflected in the "mirrors," the best-known fare the worst, and the one whose name is scarcely known at all, Lord Carnock, fares the best. The "Gentleman with a Duster" pays a handsome tribute to this man of high intelligence, deep culture, unobtrusive and elevated character. Lord Carnock and men like him are indeed "gentlemen who have received in their blood and in their training those notions of graciousness, sweetness and nobleness which flow from centuries of piety and learning." They shrink from publicity and from the hurly-burly of modern politics. In a country like modern England, in transition from aristocracy to democracy, they find themselves out of place. That much is true, as it is also true, perhaps, that the type to which they belong is passing away. Many Englishmen doubtless regret their passing but England to-day needs men of other mould, coarser mould, perhaps, but men who are in

¹ "German Leaders of Yesterday and To-day." Eric Dombrowski. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

¹ "The Mirrors of Downing Street," by a Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

closer touch with the spirit of the masses, the masses who are struggling to attain some of those same privileges of education, environment and opportunity which have combined to produce this carefully nurtured type of Englishman.

Measured for greatness these thirteen Englishmen are all undersized. Mr. Lloyd George, who began his career with a fine, flaming enthusiasm for the cause of the under dog, is now grown lethargic in body and mind, cynical, clever, successful. "One seems to see in him an illustrious example both of the value and the perils of emotionalism," says the author, adding, in a typically shrewd passage:

Something of the inward man may be seen in the outward. Mr. Lloyd George is curiously formed. His head is unusually large, and his broad shoulders and deep chest admirably match his quite noble head; but below the waist he appears to dwindle away, his legs seeming to bend under the weight of his body, so that he waddles rather than walks, moving with a rolling gait which is rather like a seaman's. He is, indeed, a giant mounted on a dwarf's legs.

Mr. Asquith, like his successor in the Premiership, has also fallen from grace. Possessing as he did "all the appearances of greatness but few of its elements" it was as if a pin had dropped when Mr. Asquith toppled from the heights of power. In the opinion of our author, Mr. Asquith's life would have been a strenuous, earnest moral one to the end had not "a domestic circle brilliant with the modern spirit and much occupied in sharpening the wits with epigram proved too much for his original stoicism." Mr. Winston Churchill, brilliant but without faith and "loving with all his heart just three things—war, politics and himself"; and Mr. Balfour, essentially selfish, even mean, without vision—"he knows there has been one ice-age and he thinks there's going to be another," said a friend whom he had once betrayed—are both weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is no better with the one soldier in the book, Lord Kitchener. The reflection of this popular hero in these pages gives us a vivid impression of power and of the sense of duty, in a slow-moving, heavy mind, the greed of a schoolboy, and a complete absence of personal attractiveness and almost every grace of the spirit. "The Gentleman with a Duster" gives us this frank appraisal of the quality and character of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum's last services to the State:

There is no doubt that his administration of the War Office was not a success. In all important matters of strategy he shifted his ground from obstinacy to sulkiness, yielding where he should not have yielded at all, and yielding grudgingly where to yield without the whole heart was fatal to success; in the end he was among the drifters, 'something between a hindrance and a help.'

Another picture of this man who tried so painfully to live up to the legend that popular fancy had created for him, comes from Downing Street itself. It is descriptive of a common scene at the meetings of the Cabinet in those war days:

A proposal would be made by a minister; and Mr. Asquith would turn to Lord Kitchener for his opinion. Lord Kitchener would say, 'It's impossible,' and close his lips firmly. At this Mr. Lloyd George would attack him, pointing out the reasonableness of this proposal in swift and persuasive phrases. Lord Kitchener, shifting on his chair, would repeat, 'It's impossible.' Then, in question after question, Mr. Churchill would ask why it was impossible. 'It's impossible,' Lord Kitchener would mumble at the end of these questions. Finally, when nearly everybody had attempted to extract from him the reason for his refusal, he would make an impatient side movement of his head, unfold his arms, bend over the papers on the table before him, and grunt out, sometimes with a boyish smile of relief, 'Oh, all right, have it your own way.'

The book contains many another vivid sketch like this, and if it goes far to destroy some reputations, it does something to restore others, notably that of Lord Haldane. Of the work of the three business magnates, Lords Rhondda, Inverforth and Leverhulme, there are excellent appreciations, proving the author's contention that the field for imaginative, constructive minds lies more and more in commerce instead of in politics.

CHARLES R. HARGROVE.

THE POETRY OF MR. CONRAD AIKEN.

MR. CONRAD AIKEN inhabits a singular region. It is not arctic, because there are colours there and gardens, purple lights and falling rain. But there is an arctic changelessness in that region: there are nights and days, but nights and days so lengthened that the time-element has vanished. One notes, too, that in this region there are more shapes and shadows than there are people. The people that are spoken of are two-dimensional, as if one saw them silhouetted against bergs or upon a frozen ground under boreal lights; and there are no frontiers in Mr. Aiken's singular region.

This lack of frontier and all that frontier implies is bound to obscure the recognition of the fact that Mr. Aiken is one of the remarkable poets who are writing in English to-day. One book, "The Charnel Rose," runs into another book, "The Jig of Forslin"; "The Jig of Forslin" runs into "The House of Dust."¹ The themes, the melody, the images are repeated again and again. This poet never confronts strangers, and he has never been compelled, in the very expressive common phrase, "to size people up." He does not give us three-dimensional beings. He calls our attention to strange figures, but in each case the stranger turns out to be a familiar figure wearing a strange mask.

Mr. Conrad Aiken, it would appear, is at the opposite side from, say, a Catholic artist whose work is moulded on the idea of an incarnation and who is constantly aware of the determining frontiers of dogma. For this poet there has never been an incarnation; the world is historyless, and there is just a flow of endless possibilities. Here comes in a danger—a danger to Mr. Aiken's art and to his vogue. If he lets himself become hypnotized by the flow, he will go on running book into book and repeating themes, melodies, and images. This need not concern him as an abstract thinker. But the critic who has read three or four of his books is compelled to crave of him to seize things out of the flow and to impose forms upon them.

Can one say that "The House of Dust" is an advance on "The Jig of Forslin" or "The Charnel Rose"? It is hard to be positive. There are melodious lines that build up lovely descriptions in "The House of Dust," but there are lines just as melodious and descriptions just as lovely in the former volumes. It is my private opinion, however, that "The House of Dust" is the best book of the three—the texture is firmer, I think, and the pictures are more appealing. Here is an example out of the latest book of the flowing melody that Mr. Aiken has built up to reflect that flowing world of his:

The mother whose child was buried to-day.
Turns her face to the window; her face is grey;
And all her body is cold with the coldness of rain.
He would have grown as easily as a tree,
He would have spread a pleasure of shade above her,
He would have been his father again . . .
His growth was ended by a freezing invisible shadow.
She lies, and does not move, and is stabbed by the rain.

Wind, wind, wind; we toss and dream;
We dream we are clouds and stars, blown in a stream;
Windows rattle above our beds;
We reach vague-gesturing hands, we lift our heads,
Hear sounds far-off—and dream, with quivering breath,
Our curious separate ways through life and death.

In this celebration of an endless flowing, Mr. Aiken recalls Whitman. But while Whitman celebrated a flowing towards endless possibilities, the latter-day poet celebrates a flowing away from possibilities. Hence his rhythms are not rising rhythms like Whitman's; they are falling ones, and there is something mournful in his pictures, a sense of something unrealized and unrealizable.

Those of us who have been interested in Mr. Aiken's poetry were bound to turn eagerly to his latest volume, "Punch: the Immortal Liar."² Here is a poem that, as one gathers from the wrapper, is not built on themes like a symphony, but on action and character like a drama.

¹ "The House of Dust." Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

² "Punch: the Immortal Liar." Conrad Aiken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Punch, the character, is recommended to us as being human, all too human; he is the eternal braggart, the eternal liar, brow-beating Judy, trying to make love to Polly, dodging the constable, cheating the hangman, casting his eyes up to the Queen of Sheba. This life surely demands objective treatment. In many of the episodes, it can be said, the treatment is objective enough. But in the second part of the story, the old theme, the old rhythm gets the better of Mr. Aiken, and we have Punch, like Senlin, like Forslin, becoming immersed in the flow of things:

He was tired, he bowed his head; and in a dream
The Queen of Sheba smiled on a throne before him,
A far faint clashing of music reached his ears,
A ghostly pageant of crimson shimmered and smouldered
And swaying died away. . . . And death itself
Went dwinding into the grey rain, only pausing
At the sky's edge to lift one menacing arm . . .
Or was it only a gaunt tree, silhouetted,
Flinging a long black branch out, one great claw?

The dark dream spread before him, like a valley
Made strange with music. Birds flew upward from it;
Far down flashed moving lights. He closed his eyes
And smiled, and took one step, and then another;
And groping raised his hands. . . . The air was warm.

It is an entertaining book and it marks the breaking of new ground for Mr. Aiken. But the story is not developed so as to give us the whole of Punch's personality. On the side of Punch the braggart, Mr. Aiken is full enough, but he is not full on the side of Punch the villain. His Punch does not lay about him enough. When he ceases to be a braggart he becomes an understudy for Dr. Faustus; the eternal asserter of the ego becomes a philosopher regretful and entangled. This is a pity; for as one reads what Punch has to tell us about his adventures with Polly Prim and his conquest of the Queen of Sheba, one sees Mr. Aiken making headway with a good story indeed.

PADRAIC COLUM.

SHORTER NOTICES.

It is pleasant to realize that the mind of man is still capable of contentment, uninflamed by controversy and untouched by bitterness. "Grain and Chaff from an English Manor,"¹ frankly modelled upon Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," is a rural chronicle of the vicinity of Aldington. Its charm lies in its materials and its unassuming record, rather than in any particular literary quality, and it discloses an extraordinarily rich and complete picture of manorial life. Dairy problems, village politics, agricultural shows, the uneventful experiences of a churchwarden, the harvesting and drying of hops, the collecting of old furniture—out of such themes as these is the narrative compounded, and from them one derives a rounded impression of irrevocable times that held a charm never to be recaptured.

L. B.

THE authors of the Bohemian stories² included in the first volume of Messrs. Duffield's "Interpreters' Series" are chiefly men and women of the later romantic movement of the last century, nationalists and insurgent poets who rode the spiritual crest of the revolutionary wave of 1848. In point of technique, none of these stories evinces any unique racial bent; they reflect rather uniformly the trends in form that were current in their time throughout Europe. There are terse, vivid romantic sketches, stories in the folk-manner, and some starkly realistic episodes dominated by the conflict of soul and personal destiny under an alien military rule. The last story of the volume, "Barbara," by a woman author who is described by a fellow-countryman as "the greatest of the more recent novelists devoting themselves almost exclusively to typical Bohemian backgrounds," has much of the method and quality of overtone of Selma Lagerlöf's "Emperor of Portugallia," being also a story of simple souls who survive by relinquishing a universe which is too complicated for them, and save their happiness in an intimate child-like reality of their own. The work of the translator is obviously devoted, carefully intent upon carrying over the colour and mood of the original.

R. D.

¹ "Grain and Chaff from an English Manor." Arthur H. Savory. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

² "Czechoslovak Stories." Translated by Sarka B. Hrbkova. New York: Duffield and Co.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE has collected in a small volume entitled "Twelve Good Musicians" a series of lectures given by him at the London University on English musicians of the seventeenth century: John Bull, William Byrd, Thomas Morley, Thomas Weelkes, Orlando Gibbons, Richard Deering, John Milton (father of the poet), Henry Lawes, Matthew Locke, Pelham Humfrey, John Blow, and Henry Purcell. In his introduction to the series, Sir Frederick takes issue with Sir Hubert Parry's statement that "The seventeenth century is musically almost a blank," but after finishing the book one is inclined to agree with Parry. Purcell is the only really great artist among these twelve, and the author's interest in the others is evidently more antiquarian than artistic. Nevertheless, the book is frequently instructive and amusing. The description of the "Fancies" written by these composers takes us back into old London. Richard Deering, for instance, wrote a fancy containing many street cries and songs, such as those of the Swepe, the Blacking-seller, the Vendor of Garlick, the Rat-catcher, and the Tooth-drawer. The controversy between Mr. Thomas Salmon, M.A., and Mr. Matthew Locke is also highly diverting. The original lectures were accompanied by musical illustrations; it is a pity that these could not have been reproduced in the book. D. G. M.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND has told us that in only one or two of his many books has he been "able to achieve satisfying results." One can appreciate this, I think, after having glanced at those novels of Mr. Garland's which have followed his so largely admirable "Main-Travelled Roads." One feels that in some way, after writing these stories, Mr. Garland lost a certain power of responding to life, a certain control of his artistic instinct, and that "A Son of the Middle Border," in which he returns to his early memories, is in a sense an unconscious apology, a vindication of a chequered career. One can easily accept it as this; the evidence of the book indeed is entirely honourable to Mr. Garland. One of its points of interest, however, is the light it throws on the profession of letters in this country. Nietzsche's "Be hard!" is a doctrine that has never found favour among our human, all-too-human compatriots. Well, we have a right to our choice; if it has certain deplorable results they are only such as a historian of our art and literature would notice. What Mr. Garland's autobiography seems to explain to us is that curious displacement of energy which evidently takes place in so many American literary lives and by virtue of which the human interest substitutes itself for the creative one. Are we really, as some one has observed, too good to be great?

MR. GARLAND'S literary life opened, as we can see, in the most promising fashion. There is something that thrills one in the account he has given us of his decision to leave Dakota in his youth and seek his star in the East. He took "the back trail" in defiance of the great law of the pioneers, "believing," as he says, "that I was in truth reversing all the laws of development, boasting the current of progress, stemming the tide of emigration." He evidently shared all that "sense of being an exile, a condemned criminal, a fugitive from mankind" which Nietzsche says that everyone feels who leaves the traditional highway in order to travel on his own proper path, but which he describes as "the burden of good men who stand alone." Mr. Garland had followed the intuition of the artist and thrown his will athwart the will of the tribe; and there is nothing in our recent literature that is more inspiriting than his description of the hard and frugal years in Boston that followed this act of affirmation. He abandoned himself to study; he deprived himself, for the sake of books and leisure, of everything that makes and satisfies the common man; he dug his way into philosophy, sociology, history, literature; he struggled with "the laws which govern literary development" and "the principles which govern a nation's self-expression"—questions that agitate us still. In all our literary history there is no record of an ap-

³ "Twelve Good Musicians." Sir Frederick Bridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

prenticeship more admirably conscious. As one reads of it, one feels that Mr. Garland was destined to go far.

It was then that he met Mr. Howells; it was then that Mr. Howells became for him what Goethe was for Heine, what Flaubert was for Maupassant, what the talisman of Pushkin's memory was for Turgenev. One can easily understand it: in the 'eighties Mr. Howells's talent was the oriflamme of American letters, and it is of the nature of the novice to sit at the feet of the master. If Mr. Howells was not a master in reality, if he was a victim of the inhibitions of a pioneer society, it was certainly not his fault that circumstances had placed him in the seat of the law-givers; uneasy as he was in that seat, what was he to do? Great were his gifts, great was his fame; he was the only repository of literary tradition his generation knew, and his generation flocked to him; and he gave them what he could, apologetically, self-distrustfully, a reluctant scribe forced to speak as one having authority. One can see all this in his relations with Mark Twain; one can see it in his relations with Mr. Garland. Mark Twain listened to him in good faith, as the novice does, and Mr. Garland listened to him; and Mr. Howells gave them his gospel and they accepted it. Was it not quite natural that they should have accepted it, provisionally, unless and until they found it false for themselves? But there were reasons no doubt why Mr. Garland, for one, found himself peculiarly drawn to this gospel which Mr. Howells gave him: that "every genuinely American writer must deal with the life he knows best and for which he cares the most." In the first place, he was in the position of all those territorial writers of the 'eighties who had experienced life intensely in one local form and who, kindled as they were by the creed of realism, found a virgin field ready to their hands. In addition to this, Mr. Garland had saturated himself in Taine: the milieu was something more than a subject for the artist in him, it was also an intellectual, a sociological interest. How natural it was, then, that Mr. Garland should have accepted the word of command and gone back to the Dakota of his childhood! Once there, he tells us, "I absorbed 'atmosphere' like a sponge."

MR. GARLAND absorbed this atmosphere to some purpose: everyone knows how far "Main-Travelling Roads" transcends most of those other works produced in the 'eighties and 'nineties by a similar impulse. His novitiate had served him well: it was because he had descended into himself that he was able, coming back to them again, to descend into the souls of these tragic folk among whom he had grown up. But to Mr. Garland, at first, Dakota, however much he absorbed its atmosphere, did not signify local colour at all. Actuated as he was in going back by the doctrine that "every genuinely American writer must deal with the life he knows best and for which he cares the most," he had not begun to feel the effects of the doctrine as a categorical imperative; his subject was still a spontaneous choice; it was merely an admirable focus for his own emotions. To that was due the virtue of "Main-Travelling Roads," and as long as that was the case, his artistic integrity had nothing to fear from the javelins of the Moors. "Give us charming love stories!" the editors pleaded. But Mr. Garland was obdurate.

BUT how long can the life of a restricted, primitive pioneer community really interest a writer as a writer, really feed his mind and afford him a genuine focus for his emotions? As a matter of fact, and although it might be said that anything can be made of any subject, great novelists have usually had at least a national sweep; and in any case, to have your subject *given* is the end of all things. Even if it has originally inspired you, it soon ceases to do so, if for no other reason than because you have not yourself elected it. What we can see from Mr. Garland's work is that he clung to his

subject after it had ceased to be spontaneously his, with the result that his work became mechanical. But Mr. Howells's word of command is not enough to explain this. It was enough to send Mr. Garland back to Dakota, but it was not enough to keep him there after the artist in him had ceased to respond to Dakota. For this we must seek another reason—a reason that his autobiography seems to indicate.

WHAT immediately strikes the reader is the peculiar poignancy of the impression this pioneer life made upon Mr. Garland on his return to it. "I perceived beautiful youth becoming bowed and bent," he tells us; "I saw lovely girlhood wasting away into thin and hopeless age. Some of the women I had known had withered into querulous and complaining spinsterhood, and I heard ambitious youth cursing the bondage of the farm. . . . Certainly to be for ever weary and worried, to be endlessly soiled with thankless labour, and to grow old before one's time, soured and disappointed, is not the whole destiny of man!" It is easy to see how the tragedy of the pioneers lacerated Mr. Garland as a human being; it is the pain of that experience, recollected after thirty years, which has rendered these pages of his so moving and so impressive. But it can not escape us that anything so poignant for the man must have been exceedingly dangerous for the artist; the danger lay in Mr. Garland's losing his detachment. And this evidently happened. Side by side with Mr. Howells's doctrine, in short, there had now risen in his mind a second doctrine, which he had also received during his novitiate in Boston: "Nature is not to blame. Man's laws are to blame." Could anything be more obvious? And yet this doctrine, one conceives, true as it was, true as Mr. Howells's doctrine was not, united with Mr. Howells's doctrine to complete Mr. Garland's artistic undoing: for at the very moment when Dakota had ceased to focus his emotions as a writer, it began to focus his emotions as a sociologist and a man. Dakota was no longer a subject that he could leave behind; it had become a problem as well; and Mr. Garland's real energy began to flow into the channel of social reform. The artist, meanwhile, had lost his detachment and with it the freedom of his mind; he was saddled with a subject which he could neither shake off nor view disinterestedly, the vital aspects of which indeed he had come to view in the most intensely practical way. What other aspects were left? The local colour. "Give us charming love stories!" the editors presumably pleaded still; and Mr. Garland no longer had any reason for refusing them.

"WHAT I chiefly desire for you," wrote Ibsen to Georg Brandes at the outset of his career, "is a genuine, full-blooded egoism, which shall force you for a time to regard what concerns you yourself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent. There is no way in which you can benefit society more than by coining the metal you have in yourself." That is not a pleasant sentiment, but one can not help seeing, in retrospect, how much wiser it was than the counsel which Mr. Howells gave Mr. Garland. There is certainly no manner in which the artist can benefit society more than by coining the metal he has in himself, and the surest way to prevent him from doing so is to place him in a situation where all his metal melts in the heat of personal emotion. It was probably for this reason, because he knew that he was himself human, all-too-human, that Ibsen, instead of going back to the scenes of his childhood, which were certainly calculated to rend his heart, took himself off as far as possible and never so much as wrote to his parents during the rest of his life. To be sure, one might say a number of other things about this.

THE Reviewer recommends to readers of the *Freeman*:
 "The Crisis in Russia," by Arthur Ransome. New York:
 B. W. Huebsch.
 "Supers and Supermen," by Philip Guedalla. New York:
 Alfred A. Knopf.

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